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JANUARY—JUNE.

Φιλοσοφίαν δὲ οὐ τὴν Στωικὴν λέγω, οὐδὲ τὴν Πλατωνικὴν, ἢ τὴν Ἐπικου-
ρεῖον τε καὶ Ἀριστοτελικήν· ἀλλ' ὅσα εἴρηται παρ' ἐκάστη τῶν αἱρεσέων τούτων
καλῶς, δικαιοσύνην μετὰ εὐσεβοῦς ἐπιστήμης ἐκδιδάσκοντα, τοῦτο σύμπαν τὸ
ΕΚΛΕΚΤΙΚΟΝ φιλοσοφίαν φῆμι.—CLEM. ALEX. *Strom.* L. I.

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- ART. I.—*Austria in 1848—1849.* By William H. Stiles, late Chargé d’Affaires of the U.S. at the Court of Vienna. Two Volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1852.
2. *Der Winter Feldzug 1848—1849 in Ungarn.* (The Winter Campaign of 1848—1849 in Hungary, under the command of Field-Marshal Prince Windischgrätz). Published and compiled from official sources by the authority of his Highness the Field-Marshal. Vienna: Leopold Sommer. 1851.
 3. *Der Feldzug in Ungarn und Siebenbürgen in Sommer des Jahres 1849, Pest, Landerer, und Heckenast,* 1850. (The Campaign in Hungary and Transylvania in the Summer of the year 1849.)
 4. *Bericht über die Kriegs Operationes, &c. &c.* (Account of the War Operations of the Russian Troops against the Hungarian Rebels in the year 1849.) From Official Sources. Compiled by H. von N., Russian Imperial Colonel of the Staff. Berlin: Simon Schropp and Co. 1851.
 5. *Memoirs of the War of Independence in Hungary.* By General Klapka. Two Volumes. London: Charles Gilpin. 1851.
 6. *Der Nationalkrieg, &c.* (The National Struggle in Hungary and Transylvania in 1848—49.) By George Klapka. Two Volumes. Leipsic: Otto Wigand. 1851.
 7. *My Life and Acts in Hungary in the years 1848 and 1849.* By Arthur Görgey. Two Volumes. London: David Bogue. 1852.
 8. *Refutation of Some of the Principal Misstatements in Görgey’s Life and History.* By George Kmety, late General in the Hungarian Army of Independence. London: William and Frederic G. Cash.

HUNGARY has suddenly risen to fame. One of the least known countries of Europe before 1848, the events of two years have

surrounded her with the threefold halo of patriotism, heroical valour, and martyrdom. The sympathies of the free still cling to her, for in the days of trial she had not lacked either enlightened statesmanship or daring heroism, and when subdued, she bears her fate with that calm resignation which is not driven to despair by defeat; because her faith in the righteousness of her cause and in a future liberation has remained unshaken. In the chaotic confusion in which the nations and governments of the European continent were thrown after the French revolution of 1848, only Hungary and Rome have added a page to history, of which men can justly be proud. In France, in Germany, and in the greatest part of Italy, the quarrels of the parties, the ill-concerted outbreaks of the people, and their meek submission to military despotism, are not less saddening than the universal breach of faith, the perjury, and the cruelty, of the rulers are loathsome. The annals of the last four years scarcely speak for the moral progress of humanity, which we were taught to rely upon during the long period of peace and material prosperity. The lessons of the first French revolution and the subsequent wars of the Empire seem to have been lost upon mankind: in fact, the recent events on the continent remind us of the times of the declining Roman Empire. We see Claudiuses and Caligulas again on the throne, flattered by senates as servile as that of ancient Rome; whilst the nations, emasculated by materialism and by the strife of contending opinions, applaud their tyrants, and require nothing but peace and enjoyment. "*Panem et Circenses*" becomes once more the watchword of the multitude; and justice and morality are again to be found only with an obscure band of faithful believers, who choose rather to sacrifice all worldly treasures than to give up their convictions amidst the persecutions of a demoralized society.

The history of the Hungarian struggle is more hopeful. Every successive light thrown on this subject reveals new facts honourable to that country. The misrepresentations about the nature and the causes of the struggle have been amply refuted by the official statements of Mr. Blackwell, published in the parliamentary Blue Books on Hungary, and by the documents carefully collected and reviewed in the volumes of Mr. Stiles, the American chargé d'affaires at Vienna. After the publication of the facts by such impartial men, it is impossible to maintain the charge uttered by the enemies of the Hungarians, that they oppressed the Slavonians and Wallacks, and attempted to preserve a feudal domination over the lower classes against the more liberal tendencies of the German kaiser and his bureaucratic minions. The events have proved that all the promises and constitutions granted in Vienna were

but traps for the public, without any other aim than to divert the general interest from the Hungarians, who, after having in parliament legally won their freedom, had risen manfully to oppose the encroachments of the perjured centralizing government, which left no means untried to establish full despotism on the ruins of constitutional liberty. Austria does not change; the tragedies of Bohemia have been re-enacted in Hungary after an interval of two centuries. The nation was forcibly driven to arms, and the blood of thousands was spilled, that absolutism might be established by force, and that no constitution might check the arbitrary rule. The fate of Croatia leaves no doubt that this was the aim of the Austrian Court from the beginning. Ensnared by the promises and patriotic declamations of Ban Jellachich, the Croats became the tools of the Court. After their unprovoked attack on Hungary, they had always to sustain the brunt of the strife, and, in reward for their sacrifices and ill-advised loyalty, they have been stript of all their constitutional rights, burdened with heavy taxation, and subjected to the caprice of German officials. They had found it unbearable that their representatives had to speak Hungarian in parliament, although locally they were free to carry on self-government in the language they chose. Now they have no parliament at all and no self-government, and must submit to the German decrees issued without their concurrence, and enforced by officials who are appointed by the ministry at Vienna, and not elected, as formerly, by the people.

When the Hungarians had carried their great reform measures in the Diet of 1848, ensuring to the peasants a freehold, and political rights to those who had not formerly possessed the franchise—when they had laid down the principle, that no one should remain exempt from taxation, and had got the control of their own finances and of the Hungarian army—they were not allowed peaceably to carry on their administration. The prosperity of Hungary, unfettered by a centralized bureaucracy, would have secured the same advantages to the Italian and German provinces of Austria; the emperor could not have withheld from them what the Hungarians enjoyed—real *constitutional freedom*. But it was not the intention of those who ruled under the name of the semi-idiotic Emperor Ferdinand to give up their absolutistic sway. The officers of the army sided with them. But the army was engaged in the Italian war, and could not be employed against Hungary. To gain time, constitutional appearances were maintained until the month of September; but in the meanwhile the Serbs and the Wallacks were incited against Hungary, that the native administration might not have leisure to develop the resources

of the country, whilst Jellachich was fitting out a regular expedition to capture Pest and to disperse the parliament by force. The first measures of defence against him were still sanctioned by the sovereign. His vicegerent, Archduke Stephen, took himself the command of the Hungarian army, and though he fled four days before the battle, yet the fact itself that he had accepted the command was an evidence that the defence against the invading Croatian army was no breach of loyalty. The Ban and his troops were defeated. But scarcely had he reached the Austrian frontier in his inglorious flight, when an imperial decree abolished the constitution of Hungary, put the country under martial law, and appointed the reckless invader, on the fifth day after his defeat, the civil and military commander of Hungary. The Hungarians were neither cowards nor serfs; they could not submit to this insult and to the loss of their ancestral rights. War with Austria became inevitable. The history of the struggle is sufficiently known, and several publications have elucidated it from a military point of view. Field-Marshal Prince Windischgrätz had published an official account of his winter campaign, which, after a short period of success for the Austrians, ended with the utter destruction of their army and the liberation of Hungary. This official account, written in the clumsy red-tape style, exaggerates the forces of the Hungarians; it palliates the defeats of the imperial troops, and throws all the blame on Ban Jellachich and General Count Wrba. Yet it acknowledges that the Austrians had no doubt about the nature of the struggle; they knew they had to fight the whole nation, not a party; they were well aware, 'that all the country had become a great camp, where soldiers were levied in every place, battalions formed, horses fitted out, and ammunition manufactured; and that it was impossible, even for money, to get information where the troops were assembled, under whose command they fought, how they were organized, and what was their number and intention.'—'Winter Feldzug,' p. 27.

We see, further, from this official document, that the Austrian army was just in the same condition as in the first wars against the French republic. The generals were no men of genius—they had only military *routine*—quarrelling amongst one another, and shifting responsibility from their own shoulders; when victorious, slow and undecided in their movements, and helpless when defeated.

The Austrian colonel, Ramming, has become the historiographer of Haynau. This work is far superior to the former. He does more justice to Hungarian heroism and administrative skill, but he likewise systematically exaggerates the numerical

force of the Hungarians, and mentions as little as possible the co-operation of the Russians; he is aware that the Austrians have to redeem their lost military renown.

The Russian army felt itself slighted by the Austrian statements, and an account of 'the operations of the Russian troops against the Hungarian rebels' was compiled by a Russian colonel, from official sources, in the true Cossack style, depreciating the Austrians, and claiming every success exclusively for the Russians. But whilst we leave it to the Russians and Austrians to wrangle about their respective merits, we extract one assertion of the Russian colonel, which shows the weak point of the army of the czar. According to this writer, the auxiliary army consisted of 191,587 men; the campaign lasted eight weeks; 856 men fell in the battles; but the total loss of the Russians during this short struggle is officially stated to have been 13,551 carried off by disease, in a climate not suiting them.

It is not unnecessary to point out that both figures are much under the real losses; but the frightful proportion of the deaths in the hospitals to those in the field shows how little efficient Russian troops must become in a foreign country; an invasion of Turkey would destroy half their army.

On the Hungarian side, General Klapka has published his 'Memoirs of the War of Independence,' comprising the campaign against Haynau, and the 'National War in Hungary and Transylvania in 1848 and 1849,' which embraces the preceding period. The modesty of this gallant general is unparalleled. Had Görgey not published his own memoirs, we should not have known from the cool recital of Klapka, that the plans of the battles of Isaszeg, Waitzen, and Nagy-Sarló, were made by Klapka, and that in the successful execution of those plans he had an eminent share. He does not even dwell strongly on the fact that it was he who won both the first and the last victory against the Austrians in Hungary. Battles, like that of Szikszó, which Frenchmen would trumpet as victories, Klapka honestly calls drawn battles; and the battle of Kápolna, where the losses were equal on both sides, and which had no decisive result whatever, is for him a defeat, because the army retreated after it, without taking advantage of the last success at Mező-Kövesd.

General Czecz, the friend of General Bem, has given a lively and brilliant picture of the Transylvanian campaigns, which were as full of incidents as an epic poem. Conquests and defeats followed one another in striking succession. Twice the great Pole loses his army and nearly all his guns, but the losses are soon repaired by the enthusiasm of the Szeklers:

reinforcements arrived from Hungary; the genius of the commander extricates the army from the most difficult positions, and drives out from the country the combined Austrian and Russian forces. By the rapidity of his movements he beats in turn the superior numbers of the enemies, and by his humanity he reconciles the Saxons and Wallacks who had fought for the Austrians. General Czecz has erected a fair monument to the memory of his illustrious chief.

General Vysocki, in his letters to the 'Posen Gazette,' has taken up the Hungarian war from the Polish point of view. He has given to his countrymen an account of the deeds of the Polish legion in the Hungarian army, as an evidence that the warlike spirit has not yet departed from the Poles, and that they are always to be found wherever the battle of liberty is fought.

By these publications it is easy for any military man to get an exact knowledge of the strategic operations in Hungary; but the philosopher cares little about the number of battles;—these do not alter the moral estimate of the struggle. In his eyes the character of leading men is of more importance; they are often the type of their age. It is in this respect that the 'Memoirs of Arthur Görgey,' the Hungarian commander-in-chief, deserve more attention than any other volume on the war of Hungary. As soon as the struggle began, his name was coupled with that of Kossuth. It was still the symbol of victory, when suddenly the world was startled by the tidings of his unconditional surrender at Világos. His brothers in arms were either executed or imprisoned, while he was spared. A veil of mystery concealed his intentions and deeds. It was known that he had been the personal enemy of Kossuth; but many of those who had served under him could not believe that he had been a traitor to his country and its cause;—not even when they had to expiate their blind confidence in him in prison and on the gallows. After a silence of three years, he reappears before the public, and without restraint or concealment gives himself out as he is. 'My Life and Acts in Hungary,' though intended to be a vindication, is nothing but a cynical confession; and the impartial jury of public opinion gives accordingly its verdict of *guilty* against him.

As with Louis Bonaparte and his underlings in France,—as with Dr. Bach the Austrian minister,—so with Arthur Görgey the principal feature is the lack of moral depth. These men believe in nothing but physical force: they act just as their convenience or their appetite suggests: they think unrighteousness a very bad thing, except for the sake of grasping power: they have but one measure for judging men and

actions,—that of success. Louis Bonaparte performs public penance for his attempt to overthrow Louis Philippe, whilst he already prepares the violent destruction of the republic which he has sworn to maintain. Bach steps from the barricades of Vienna into the ministry, holds speeches concerning 'the democratic empire on the broadest basis,' and on 'the sovereign right of the people to frame the constitution in concurrence with the emperor,' whilst he is preparing the dissolution of the constituent diet, and the arrest of the opposition leaders. He issues at Ollmütz the constitution of the 4th of March, whilst in Hungary he tears to pieces the coronation oath of fourteen sovereigns, the immediate ancestors of his nominal master; and scarcely has Russian diplomacy triumphed in Hungary, when he again declares that the constitutional promises, of which he drew up the manifesto, are null and void. Görgey takes the oath on the independence of Hungary, and issues a proclamation to the army for the liberation of Europe, whilst he is meditating a blow against the government, of which he himself is a member, and in private excites his officers against that act of the parliament which he publicly has sworn to maintain and to fulfil. For such men the end always sanctifies the means. To their personal ambition they subordinate honesty, morals, and virtue. To discredit their superiors, to excite dissensions amongst those they dread, is the easiest way for them to rise in power.

Louis Bonaparte encourages every re-actionary movement of the national assembly, in order to make it unpopular; he flatters in turn the socialists and the party of order; universal suffrage and its restriction; Proudhon and Thiers; Odilon Barrot and Montalembert—the reward of his hypocrisy is the imperial crown.

Bach promises to Jellachich and to the Croats that national independence which he is combating in Hungary. The Serbs and Wallacks are to become the lords of Lower Hungary and Transylvania; their wild schemes of a South-Sclavonian and 'Daco-Roman' empire are fostered by semi-official hints and declarations: but when the Hungarians are subdued the equality of servitude is extended over them all. The obscure lawyer, however, has become the prop of the Austrian throne.

With Görgey, envy is, perhaps, yet stronger than ambition; he covets the first place only that no better man may occupy it. 'His Life and Acts in 1848 and 1849' reveal a series of intrigues from him against every commander-in-chief—against Moga, against Dembinski, against Vetter, and at last against Bem: and scarcely has he attained influence, when he turns

against the government, and especially against Kossuth, to whom he owed his position. Because Kossuth is a man of principle, Görgey hates and despises him most heartily. Görgey always censures the measures of government, and fosters mutiny in the army. He plays at red republicanism with Szemere, plots with Kazinczy submission to Austria, and with Count Casimir Batthiany a treaty with the czar, until at last he succeeds in compelling Kossuth to transfer his powers to him. He at length attains the goal for which he has contended. Blinded in regard to the character of the czar and the kaiser, he surrenders unconditionally, and treacherously leads his friends into the trap. But he receives only that reward which his equals in morality grant to traitors. His gallant brothers in arms are slain or imprisoned, but he is doomed to remain in obscurity in a provincial city of Austria, until he is crushed under the weight of ignominy. He has lost his game. Cursed by his countrymen, and despised by the enemies of his country, held up in Europe as a fearful specimen of treachery and recklessness, he now envies those who died by the hands of the hangman, or pine away in prison. He writes indignant letters to the Austrian minister and complains that he has *not* been treated like his companions. But Dr. Bach is too consistent in his cruelty: he cannot grant the benefit of an honest prison to Arthur Görgey, which might re-establish his credit in the eyes of thoughtless foreigners. The minister has not even allowed Count Edmund Zichy to sue the traitor for the murder of his brother.* The guilty man is to live unhurt and unheeded at Klagenfurt; to be left to himself and to his recollections, is the sentence pronounced against him.† But the wrath of Görgey must find a vent; so he pours it out in the two volumes before us. The bitterness which poisons his soul pervades every page of this publication. It is principally directed against Kossuth, who, though defeated, is honoured by the world more than any victorious hero. Görgey could betray, but could not ruin him, at Arad; he intends to do it now.

But in his excited passion, he not at all the more spares any one else; not the old honest Mészáros; not Klapka, who has added many a leaf to Görgey's bays; not Bem, who never sought command, but only victory; not the Honvéds, who bled under him; not the Hungarian people, which gave to him credit for the victories of his generals; not the Austrians and Russians, to whom he has betrayed his country; not Szemere,

* Count Eugenius Zichy was hanged for flagrant treason, by court-martial, of which Görgey was president. In the eyes of the Austrians this was a murder.

† 'Whoso slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold.'

who likewise plotted against Kossuth: Görgey spares not even himself. He lays bare before the eyes of the world his reckless duplicity, and his utter lack of principles and morality. But it is not the confession of a penitent sinner: it is the cynical outburst of an unbeliever, who has no faith in humanity, no conscience of right or wrong, no remorse for the past, no hope for the future.

Though from time to time Görgey makes an attempt to justify his conduct, and to give the colouring of candour to his avowal, his aim is evidently to drag all those who remained unstained into the quagmire of his own baseness. But General George Kmety, one of the surviving heroes, who did not close his military career in Hungary with the surrender at Világos, but covered the retreat of those who sought an asylum in Turkey, and fought yet at Lugos on the 16th of August, has taken up the gauntlet; and in his refutation of some of the principal misstatements of Görgey's 'Life and Acts,' he shows by the assertions of Görgey himself that this (so-called) great general deserves little credit for the Hungarian victories; that, in a military point of view, his glory is a usurpation; that he was only an unsuccessful political intriguer, who has destroyed his country and blasted the hopes of constitutional liberty in eastern Europe. The pamphlet of General Kmety is especially remarkable by its moderate tone, and the calm logic with which he analyzes the military career of Görgey. A comparison of it with the violent philippics of Victor Hugo gives a decided advantage to the Hungarian soldier over the French statesman.

The brave exiled general finds, to his astonishment, in the confession of Görgey himself, that the brilliant victories of the Hungarian army were not due to *his* military skill; that at Branyisko the plan of the battle was traced by Colonel Bayer, the chief of his staff, and executed by General Guyon, whilst he, instead of speaking words of encouragement to his army, and endeavouring at least to keep up its moral courage, abandoned himself to despondency, and resolved to sacrifice his four worst battalions (as he says) 'ripe for decimation.' But Guyon defeats the enemy, whilst Görgey remains with the best part of his army at six miles distance from the battle-field; in consequence, the enemy is not pursued, and escapes. At Hatvan, the plan is again from Colonel Bayer, the execution by General Gaspar, and the commander-in-chief is again absent from the battle-field. 'The victory of our seventh army-corps at Hatvan,' he says, 'which had been gained without my personal co-operation, had determined me to adopt the plan of leaving in future the hands of all the commanders of corps *completely* free in the execution of the task assigned to them,

and to interfere only at critical times: for if my personal influence as commander-in-chief had a decidedly favourable effect, it ought to be reserved for moments of the most imminent danger; if it had not, then I undoubtedly did better, the seldomer I made it felt.'—'My Life and Acts,' vol. i., p. 333.

At Tapio Bicske and at Isaszeg, the plan is by Klapka, the execution by Damjanics, Klapka, and Aulich, whilst Görgey is dining with the clergyman at Kóka, and is only accidentally informed with what success the decisive battle is raging at some miles distance from him. At Waitzen, the plan and execution belong to Damjanics and Klapka; the demonstration before Pest to Bayer and Aulich; and all the glory of Nagy-Sarló to Damjanics and Klapka, whilst the commander-in-chief remains in the lofty ruins of the old castle of Levenz, three hours march from the battle-field.

'I myself remained in Levenz,' he says, 'though, when the first thunder of artillery was heard, I was about to ride to Zsemlér, in order to expedite as much as possible the completion of the bridge there, and the passage of the two-thirds of the seventh army corps.' . . . 'I intended personally to assist in the conduct of the battle, but only if it should take a decidedly unfavourable turn; and in order in such case to be immediately at hand, I could not leave the headquarters; besides, from the elevated ruins of the old castle of Levenz, the progress of the contest could be unobstructedly observed better than from any nearer point.' . . . 'In spite, however, of all the arrangements I had made for obtaining the speediest information of the progressive state of affairs on the battle-field, as well as respecting the construction of the bridge at Zsemlér, it was only late in the night between the 19th and 20th of April that I learned from the written report of General Damjanics that he had put the enemy to flight.'—*Ib.* p. 386.

At the relief of Komorn, the plan is drawn up again by Colonel Bayer, the left wing of the army is led by Klapka, the centre by Damjanics, the right by Görgey. The commander-in-chief here for once really takes part in the battle, but not as the leading genius, presiding over the destinies of the day; he leaves the direction to Providence, and assumes the task of a general of division. And yet it was not personal bravery which the Hungarian cause required in the commander-in-chief—bravery is a very common virtue with warlike nations—they required a directing mind, to make their heroic feats fruitful in great military results.

The natural consequences of such a system are evident; victory was won by the valour of the army; but, in the absence of the commander-in-chief, the enemy was not pur-

sued ; he had always time enough to rally, and the Hungarians had always to fight him anew.

But how can we account for the renown of Görgey, which was never called in question before he had destroyed it himself? Kmety says that the Hungarian army did not know, during the war, the secret of the head-quarters ; they did not surmise that the plans of their commander-in-chief were not drawn up by himself. 'They only saw the success of one movement after another : they admired the correct dispositions, and ascribed them to the genius of the commander-in-chief. Dazzled by the success of their own bravery, they abandoned themselves, unhappily, life and soul, to this false genius.'—Kmety, p. 35.

After the eight successive great victories, Görgey, instead of marching against Vienna, returns to the siege of Buda. For the first time he does not approve the plan of Colonel Bayer ; he tells us that he was well aware it was a bad strategic move to grant time to the Austrians for the reorganisation of their army, and for the Russian intervention, but he did it from 'political motives.' He regards himself as not merely a soldier, but a politician. His subsequent battles, fought without the advice of Bayer, who was discontented, and of Klapka, whom he no longer trusted, because he sided with the government (Görgey, vol. ii. p. 121), are brilliant, but unsuccessful feats of arms. He no longer seeks to conquer the enemy ; his aim is a different one ; to overthrow Kossuth and the government, and to treat with the Russians. It seems he would have willingly treated with the Austrians ; he would have liked to destroy Kossuth, to raise himself, and to secure some freedom to the country. But no overture was made from this side ; the Hungarian superior officers, when taken prisoners, were butchered by even the defeated Austrian generals, just as their brethren in arms had been butchered during the Hungarian retreat.* The Russian generals took a different line ; they were always ostentatious of deep respect and warm sympathy for the Hungarians ; they exchanged presents with Görgey, as tokens of esteem ; they acknowledged the military rank of the Hungarian officers ; and by this management they won the confidence of Görgey.

* Major Szöll, the personal friend of Görgey, prisoner of war, after the defeat of the Hungarians at Bâbolna, was shot at Pest, in January, by order of Prince Windischgrätz. Major Venturini, taken by the Austrians at Kâpolna, was executed in February, a few days after the battle. Major-Baron Mednyânszky and Major Gruber, who had surrendered the fortress of Leopoldstadt to the discretion of the Austrian army, were hanged by Haynau, in June, after the Hungarian victories.

He thought he could make use of them, at least to destroy Kossuth.

But why did he hate the man who had raised him? to whom he owed both his first military appointment, and his commission as general? Why did he intrigue against the man who had organized the armies and the government? who possessed the full confidence of the people; and who, by the unanimous election of the parliament, was named Governor of Hungary? Kossuth had always shown great forbearance towards Görgey's ambition. He had forgiven him the proclamation of Waitzen, when Görgey assumed for the army to be independent of the government; he had not condemned his mutinous spirit against Dembinski after the battle of Kápolna; nay, he wished to give him the command in chief; but Görgey declared beforehand that he would not accept it;* and yet, when Vetter is thereupon appointed to the office, Görgey writes a hypocritical letter to Klapka, inciting the generals against the new commander, though submitting apparently to the decree of the parliament. Kossuth endeavours to allay the difficulties, and writes a noble letter to Görgey, which now has been published in the Austrian work on the winter campaign. This important document shows the relation between Kossuth and Görgey. We extract from it the following passage:

‘As to your feelings, I beseech you, in the name of the country, do not be too susceptible. You see, esteemed friend, when in your proclamation from Waitzen you declared that you would not obey any one but Mészáros, or his substitute, Vetter, Hungary, as far as it was in our possession, rose indignantly against you, and regarded you as a rebel who had the intention to play the part of Dumouriez or Monk, or who plotted a military revolt; and people came to me, and interpellations were made in parliament to convince me by long speeches how much I ought to be offended by such behaviour. If I then had been carried away by my sad feelings—for I was aggrieved that your declaration might become an opportunity for others to refuse obedience to that government to which you had done the same, and then the country would have been lost—if, therefore, I had yielded to indignation, and had accordingly issued one or two decrees, what would have been our fate? The enemy would now rule over the nation, for the horrors of a civil war would have ravaged the country. Such calamity may the merciful God avert from our nation—at least until we have done with our enemy! Then people may quarrel a little among themselves, if they choose so to do.

‘You see, dear friend, amidst a thousand dreadful tribulations, miserable intrigues, and traps laid by selfishness and knavery, the

* Klapka, ‘The National War,’ vol. i. p. 276.

destiny of the nation is yet safe in my hands. By what means could I maintain it? Only by never allowing the momentary feelings of vengeance to overpower the mind of the nation, and by always preaching,—‘Let us remain united, even when errors occur.’ I always yielded when I saw that not to yield would lead to secession, since I was intent only that no such blunder should be committed as might have compromised the weal and woe of the nation. Minor errors I always attempted to remedy; against important ones I acted energetically. I suffered and toiled; I did not yield to any momentary excitement; and now we are already so far advanced, that every one believes that the enemy cannot overpower us.

‘You say, esteemed friend, your army now sees clearly, and that it has no confidence in Vetter, Mészáros, and the parliament. But, I say, let us avail ourselves of every means, according to our best knowledge, with the simplicity of old, and without any personal ambition, for the rescue of the country; let us not endanger the great aim by antipathies against certain persons. I know of faults and deficiencies; but I am also aware that I have the power so to balance those faults and deficiencies that they cannot endanger the victory of the nation. We must, therefore, make use of all the elements we can dispose of. First, we must be victorious; then comes the time of organization. And that after the victory, when we are far from danger, nobody may arrogate to himself a power which might become dangerous to the liberty of the nation,—this will be the care of us both.’—‘Winterfeldzug,’ pp. 413, 414.

Such were the conciliatory views of Kossuth. He was no general, and at this time he believed it a fortunate concurrence of circumstances for liberty in Hungary, that the political and the military chief were not combined in one and the same person, so that the nation could not fear usurpation from either of its leaders.

But Görgey mistook the noble conciliatory spirit of Kossuth for a symptom of weakness; he deemed forbearance cowardice; he hated Kossuth as he had hated Moga and Dembinski, and Vetter, only because all of them had been his superiors; and more than all these men, because Kossuth was the first in the hearts of the nation. Görgey, therefore, remained on the watch for an opportunity of carrying his plans.

The declaration of Hungarian independence was for him, in this respect, a welcome event. In his ‘Life and Acts,’ he has himself given up his military renown to the genius of Bayer and Klapka, and to the bravery of Damjanics and Aulich, but he puts himself forward as the champion of loyalty and of constitutional monarchy, bound to destroy Kossuth and the constituted powers, because they were inclined to republican institutions. The army, and he himself at its head are, according to him, ready to become the saviours of order against re-

publicanism; in fact, 'ever since the 14th of April, they had two enemies to fight, Vienna and Debreczin.'

Görgey charges Kossuth with having induced the parliament, under false pretences, to declare the crown of Hungary forfeited by the House of Lorraine, and he traces the fall of Hungary to the 14th of April. He emphatically declares Kossuth's assertion, that this declaration had been desired by the army, to be untrue. (Vol. ii. p. 80.) He thinks that *before* the declaration of independence, the view that England, France, America, &c., would declare war against the emperor of Russia in case of an intervention, was plausible! *after* that day it was a lamentable eccentricity! (Vol. ii. p. 8.) Kossuth's conduct, moreover, is to him a proof of duplicity, and from this moment Görgey avows that he plotted against Kossuth. (p. 89.)

Until the 14th of April, the war against the emperor of Austria was carried on in the name of the king of Hungary; who had illegally transferred his royal rights to his nephew; but such political niceties did not suit either the nation at large or the bulk of the army. Several newly-formed battalions had refused to take the oath for the constitutional king, for they said:—'It is his army against which we fight; it is at his command that the Serbs and Wallacks destroy our villages, and murder our wives and brothers; it is the king of Jellachich and Windischgrätz.' Of the eight Hungarian army-corps, the first, under Klapka, and the third, under Damjanics, were, according to Görgey himself, (vol. ii. p. 1,) 'nothing less than unfavourably disposed to the declaration.' The second and sixth, under Perczel and Bem, were decidedly in favour of it; the fourth and fifth, under Haddik and Gál, besieging Temesvár and Arad, were maddened by the outrages of the Serbs, and longed for the moment when the fatal union with Austria should be severed. The victorious armies which had expelled the Austrians and Russians from Transylvania, which had chastised the Serbs, which had defeated Schlick at Tarczal, Ottinger at Szolnok, Jellachich at Tapio-Bieske and at Isaszegh, and Götz at Waitzen; in fact, the men and the generals who had conquered the Austrians,—the *new army*, as Görgey despisngly terms them,—claimed that the national will should not be misrepresented by parliamentary phraseology. Where then was the army which, it is said, was so much opposed to the declaration of the 14th of April? Görgey says: 'the *seventh* army corps, the old soldiers and officers trained in Austrian service, to whom the palm of most of the victories was due.' (Vol. ii. p. 4.) But he forgets here, that the battle of Branyiszko was not won by the old soldiers of this corps, but by four Honvéd battalions led by Guyon, and

Guyon, as well as all the Honvéds, approved most heartily of the declaration (vol. ii. p. 96). One-third of this army-corps was under the command of Kmety, and, according to the statement of this general, 'it consisted of decided partizans of Kossuth and his government, at any time ready even to shoot or hang Görgey, at the order of this government' (Kmety, p. 20). The eighth army corps, the garrison of Komorn, was besieged by the Austrians, and their opinions, of course, could not then be known either in favour of the declaration of independence or against it; but after the relief they most heartily applauded the decree of the parliament. Who were, then, the men who sided with Görgey, and were disappointed by the 14th of April? They were the personal friends of Görgey: as Klapka describes them, 'the late Austrian officers, distinguished by jealous *esprit de corps*, who embraced the cause of Hungarian insurrection because they felt themselves bound by their oath and word of honour, but not from patriotism or from sympathy for the cause of the revolution.' 'The enthusiasm which this corps displayed in the cause of liberty was slow, calculating, and lukewarm, compared with the bold exuberant spirit of the other divisions of the army in Upper Hungary.' (Klapka's 'War in Hungary,' vol. i. page 62.) They had won the battle at Hatvan; they had made the splendid demonstration against Pest; but this was all their share in the victories of Hungary.

Such being the real state of things, it is self-evident why the seventh army corps 'could not come to any decision upon the intended demonstration against the law of the 14th of April.' (Görgey, vol. ii. p. 2.) But no doubt there existed in this corps some discontent, and Görgey had to allay it. He did it by a vehement proclamation from Komorn, in which he says:—

'On you has devolved the happiness, by the sacrifice of your lives, of securing to Hungary *her ancient independence*, her nationality, her freedom, and her permanent existence. Such is your most glorious, holiest mission.

'Think of this when you again encounter the enemy.

'Many of us imagine the wished-for future to be already won. Do not deceive yourselves! *This combat—not Hungary alone against Austria—Europe will fight, for the natural, most sacred rights of peoples against usurping tyranny.*

'And the peoples will conquer everywhere!'—Vol. ii. p. 2.

How could anybody surmise that this language meant to be a dissent from the Declaration of Independence, and not an unqualified approval of that act? And yet the grumbling late-Austrian officers were silenced. The discontent, therefore, could not have been of importance.

But Görgey, instead of pursuing the enemy, returns to Buda, and besieges the fortress at leisure. This step was the ruin of Hungary; it gave time to the Russians for intervention. Görgey feels that, and therefore gives many specious reasons for having done so. But he dwells especially on the political cause, not on the strategic point:—‘I did so with the conviction that the attempt to facilitate an agreement between the Austrian Government and the Hungarian Diet, based on the constitution of the year 1848, must have far more chance of success if the fortress of Ofen was previously ours, than if it continued in the possession of the enemy, in spite of our supposed victorious offensive operations, apparently menacing Vienna itself.’—Vol. ii. p. 22.

But could Görgey, at this time, reasonably expect chances for a compromise! Had he forgotten that the deputation sent by the Diet to the camp of Prince Windischgrätz, in order to treat with Austria, had been arrested? Had not Count Louis Batthyány, one of the members of this deputation, been imprisoned? Had not the Hungarian officers captured by the Austrians been shot? Surely, Görgey knew too much of the consistency of Austrian politics not to be well aware that no compromise was any longer possible. It was therefore another reason which led him back to Buda, and induced him to lose the irrecoverable opportunity of achieving the independence of Hungary before the walls of Vienna. And, strange to say, he himself confessed it,—‘That especially during the unwelcome leisure of the siege of Buda, the officers who had previously been in the Austrian service, and who were natural enemies to the Declaration of Independence, had been successful in their propagandism against it, in the other army corps also!’ (Vol. ii. p. 80.) This was then the real motive why he tarried at Buda,—*the siege was an opportunity of making propagandism against the government.*

But what is Görgey doing whilst his favourite officers are intriguing against the Declaration of Independence? The ministry of war is offered to him by Kossuth. He goes to Debreczin, and there, addressing himself to the parliamentary minority, which, though secretly indisposed, never had openly opposed the measure in question, he immediately suggests to it the abolition of the new law by means of a military counter-revolution! They interrupt him with vigorous shouts,—‘No military revolution, no government of the sabre!’ (Görgey, vol. ii. p. 85.) He is disappointed, but does not abandon his plans; he must defer them. He prepares a scheme for ‘urging the officers on whose political sentiments he can rely, to solicit most zealously their election as representatives for any place acci-

dentally vacant,' and for 'depriving the party of the 14th of April of its most influential supporters,—Bem, Perczel, Dembinski, and Guyon.' Damjanics has broken his leg; it is no longer necessary for Görgey to remove him. All this he avows openly, and the following passage is so characteristic, that we give it in its whole extent. He says,—'I could accomplish this, however, only as acting minister of war. The conviction of this fully determined me *to overcome the moral aversion I felt of taking the oath to a law, the overthrow of which*, even in the most favourable case, *seemed indispensable* to the salvation of the great cause of Hungary. (Vol. ii. p. 67, 68.) He accordingly *took the oath on the Declaration of Independence*, and he is now not ashamed to avow publicly that he did it with the intention of betraying his pledge to God and men. In history there is scarcely to be found a more shameless confession of premeditated perjury than this. The events of the European continent since 1848 record many a trifled promise, many a broken oath; but none of the rulers, not even Louis Bonaparte, is so void of every sense of morality as openly to boast of his perjury. The hero of the 2nd of December excuses his *coup d'état* by the assertion that it was forced upon him by the unanimous voice of the people; the German princes allege that their constitutional promises were not binding, because forced from them by violence. Görgey pleads no such apparent excuses; premeditated perjury forms part of his *tactics*.

After such a confession how can we trust any assertion of this man? It would be easy to show, from the statements made by Klapka, and from the documents published by the Austrians, how void are his calumnies against Bem, whom he calls 'a knight errant in the modern revolutionary military style;' against Guyon, whom he taxes with 'ignorance;' against Mészáros, of whom he speaks with contempt; against Klapka, whom he shows up now as a tool, and again as an enemy of the government; and against Kossuth, whom he accuses of double dealing. But, after his own reckless avowal of perjury, such proofs are superfluous. What judge has ever trusted a perjured witness? And yet an influential organ of the press, even in this country, says that it was the duty of Kossuth to give an elaborate reply to the charges of Görgey against him! But this opinion can only arise from a morbid appetite of the reviewer to witness a cleverly fought literary battle; it is not the expression of the moral feeling of England. Accusations proceeding from a man like Görgey, must be treated, by every one who has read this avowal, with contempt.

But Görgey's account is not less strange in its avowal than in its omissions. He does not explain the reasons for his

surrender to the Russians; he does not exculpate himself in this respect; but charges the government with having entered into ridiculous negotiations with the Russian generals. Szemere partly supplies this omission, by publishing the following document:—

‘Conditions of peace with Hungary, proposed by the Field-Marshal Prince Paskiewitch, through the Colonel of the vanguard of the Russian army:

‘1. To the generals, staff, and superior officers, liberty is granted, and the retention of their arms; if they choose to enter the Russian army, they retain the rank they held in the Hungarian army.

‘2. In case the officers of the Hungarian army should not accept Russian service, they remain free and unmolested.

‘3. The privates of the Hungarian army must deliver up immediately all their muskets, guns, and ammunitions; after having fulfilled this condition, they are free either to serve in the Austrian army, or to return to their home.

‘I declare this paper authentic, in the name of Colonel Chrulow of the Russian vanguard. LIEUT. RUDIGER.’

This surprising communication was brought to the camp of Görgey at Rima Szombath, on the 20th of July, by two Russian officers, Captain Katlarow and Lieutenant Rüdiger.

Görgey gave an evasive answer;—Szemere has published it also,—and sent the dispatch to the government; but at the same time he got also a letter from ‘Count Rüdiger, Commander-in-chief of one of the Russian army-corps,’ containing the following words:—*Je veux donc vous offrir, Monsieur, en toute confiance, la voie de negociation.*’ We have no further trace of these confidential negotiations; when Szemere and Count Casimir Batthyány went to the Russian camp, they were not received; the Russians found it evidently superfluous to treat with them, after they had opened communication with the commander-in-chief. The result, however, of these secret negotiations was the surrender of Világos to the same Russian general, Rüdiger, who had made the first proposition. Whether, and how far, the traitor Görgey has been himself betrayed by the Russians, we cannot even guess; his ‘Life and Acts’ do not mention these important transactions, and his silence on this subject discredits his sincerity not less than the avowal of his wilful perjury.

Besides the hatred against Kossuth, there is one feature in Görgey which he never conceals,—his contempt of the militia and of the new levies. ‘The militia came,’ says he, ‘and the militia went, just as it felt inclined. Generally, however, it came, when the enemy was far off; when the enemy approached, the militia departed’ (vol. i. p. 34). His hits against the new

levies are equally severe. And yet it was this militia and these new levies who achieved the most glorious feat of arms in the Hungarian war—equal to the victory of the Spaniards at Baylen—the capture of the Croatian army-corps of the Generals Roth and Philippovics,—11,000 men with twelve cannons. It was with militia men and new levies that Bem rescued Transylvania from the Austrians; that Damjanics, Klapka, and Guyon, checked the progress of the victorious Austrian army. But Görgey has no confidence, and no heart for those who are led by patriotism, and are not drilled to passive obedience. He always remains the Austrian officer, trained in the school from which the Windischgrätzs and Haynaus have come forth; for whom patriotism, morality, principles, are words without meaning. He considers the army only a cleverly organized machine; the private has to fight for or against any *cause*, just as his superior commands, and the military power is to be the ruler of the destiny of the people. The views of Görgey do not differ, in this respect, from those of the czár or of Louis Bonaparte. A measure of the parliament displeases him; he immediately suggests a military revolution to overthrow it; and when rebuked by his own civilian partizans, he disguises his intentions for a while, but carries them at last, though it is the ruin of his country and of his brothers in arms. He overthrows Kossuth, only to surrender to the enemies of his nation; and those for whose interests he has betrayed the cause of Hungary, give the following verdict on his behaviour:—

‘With the majority of the population of Hungary, we must reluctantly come to the conclusion that Görgey, either from shortsightedness in politics, or from ambition and obstinacy, has wilfully maintained the delusion of his troops that Russia will shield them, and grant an amnesty to all of them, as the protector of Hungary; that by this means, he has induced them to surrender to the Russians, thus to save at least his own life from the well-deserved capital punishment. Görgey has by this act of blinded wilfulness plunged thousands of his countrymen into misery and misfortune, and has loaded himself with their curse.’—‘The Campaign in Hungary and Transylvania, by Colonel Ramming,’ page 416.

One question yet remains to be answered. Why did the government, why did Kossuth not remove Görgey and the whole set of officers who had no faith in Hungary, no love for the people, no respect for the civil government? Kossuth did foresee the storm which finally overthrew him and the country; foresaw it when it appeared yet as a small cloud on the far horizon; but in face of the enemy, and while proceeding from battle to battle, there was no opportunity to reorganize the officers. Armies were first to be created; and to place them

under untried subordinate leaders at such a crisis was too dangerous an experiment; the bulk of the people placed their confidence in those who had previously served under the Austrians, because they had the prestige of experience. Kossuth himself was no military man; he could not assume the supreme command without being taxed with arrogant ambition, and with leading the nation to ruin. Therefore his policy could be no other than that of conciliation. The only time at which Hungary had a short respite,—after the defeat of the Austrians and before Russian intervention had taken place,—was lost by Kossuth, because Görgey, by taking the oath to the Declaration of Independence, had disarmed Kossuth's distrust. Though the governor was aware that the commander-in-chief was his personal enemy, yet he did not believe that he would perjure himself. When the Russian intervention came, it was too late to remedy the evil. The attempt in June to remove Görgey from the army, led nearly to a mutiny of the officers (Görgey, vol. ii. p. 384; Klapka, vol. i. p. 146), and was the principal cause of Görgey's conduct at Arad. The catastrophe of Hungary was the issue of the strife of the military against the civilians. Kossuth and the civil government were overthrown by Görgey and his army; but the civilian still has for his portion the confidence and the hope of the people, whilst the military leader has reaped nothing but ignominy, and the moral indignation of all those for whom oaths are yet sacred, and honesty not merely an empty word.

ART. II.—*Posthumous Discourses of the late Dr. Stark, of Dennyloanhead.* With an Introductory Memoir, under the care of the Rev. W. Steven, Largs, and Rev. J. Edmond, Glasgow. Edinburgh: A. Fullarton and Co.

PREACHING! What a wide and difficult and somewhat dangerous topic does it at present offer to the thoughtful mind. In the view of many, a declining sun, it is yet environed with some of its ancient hues of brightness, and is shedding much warmth, if comparatively little new light, upon the minds and hearts of our era. As the name 'preacher' too comes back on our memories, we cannot fail to connect it with the greatest men of the past; with the names of Moses with Sinai for his pulpit, of Elijah on Carmel, of Isaiah, of Jeremiah amid his mourning willows, of Malachi on the half finished temple, of

John the Baptist on the edge of the desert, of Jesus on the Mount, of Paul on the Areopagus, of Whitfield on the sides of Scottish hills or on the level of London Moorfields, and of Edward Irving rousing up sceptical Edinburgh, at five in the morning, to hear his discourses on 'righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.'

We propose, ere coming to the excellent work on our table, to speak first of some of the defects of modern preaching, and secondly, to proceed to the more gracious task of describing some of those modern preachers whom we happen to have read or heard.

In Scotland, one very common defect in sermons is their great length. That, indeed, has been considerably abridged since the days of our forefathers, when two or three hours was not an uncommon measure of their time. For this various pleas were urged; such as the example of Paul protracting his speech until midnight; such as the great distances to which men in those days travelled to hear the word, and the necessity of giving them proportionate supplies of spiritual nourishment; and such as the fact that the hearers liked to listen to long sermons, and that the demand must create the supply. There was another still stronger reason. Books were then scarce. There was little reading among the lower ranks, and the long elaborate prelections of the Sabbath were necessary, it was thought, to make up for the intellectual vacuum of the week.

These reasons are all now obsolete. And yet we have not sufficiently shortened our sermons. Nay, in one or two denominations, we have witnessed, with some alarm, certain attempts of late to return to the ancient longitude, although in our humble judgment it were quite as sensible to go back to the old length of our fathers' beards as to the old size of their sermons. We are far from defending the 'fifteen minutes' so common in the English Church, but we do think that the Scotch 'hour' is equally preposterous. For, mark, it is not as with a speech or a lecture, where you can interpose light matter at intervals—tell a story here, and crack a jest there. The Scotch sermon is almost uniformly a very grave affair—solemn, didactic, or hortatory—with little imagination or fancy, and with much direct statement or close argument; and in proportion to the gravity of any address should be its shortness. 'Brevity is the soul of wit.' How much more truly may it be said to be the soul of sermonizing. As it is, where sermons of an hour continue to be preached, the following are the general phenomena. First, on the pronouncing of the text, and during the introduction, there is a general preparation

on the part of the audience for listening, rather than actual attention. There are a rubbing of eyes, a pricking up of ears, a settling down into an attitude of composure, an exhaustive coughing, an elaborate effort to resign themselves to the dominion of the orator. If the introduction be highly wrought and effectively given, the interest is really arrested; and during the announcement of the particulars and the illustration of the first head it does not materially diminish. But the discourse must be a very superior one, or the speaker possess a very extraordinary power and charm, if, with a common audience, at this point, there do not begin to be noticed a disposition to flag on the part of the majority. Some yawn, others look around the church, others sleep. Any accidental interruption, such as the rattling of a shower on the windows, or the fainting of a female, is felt as an agreeable diversity. A few uplift their Bibles, a few begin to look stealthily at their watches, and, tell it not in polished England! in the Norland churches *snuff-boxes* begin to go their awful rounds from pew to pew. We have witnessed such scenes occasionally, even under the ministry of Dr. Chalmers; and we all remember that John Foster complains how the attention of an audience can be diverted from the most solemn themes by the falling of a hat from a peg! It is not true of preachers, however true it may be of poets—'*in medio tutissimus ibis*'—it is precisely the middle part of the hour's discourse that tells least, and is in general utterly thrown away.

After three-quarters have passed matters begin to mend. The sleepers have got their nap out; the shower has passed, and the sun is shining cheerily again; the fainting female, with her extempore train of followers, has vanished to the vestry, or returned to her pew; the hat is restored by some hardy hand to its peg again, or else rests ingloriously in the obscure spot on which it fell; the procession of snuff-boxes ceases to move; the speaker, too, begins to increase in ardour and animation, and the last fifteen minutes are in general listened to amid deep silence, and often produce a profound, immediate, or even lasting impression.

Now could not this in some degree be bettered—and bettered in the following way?—Since people *will* listen to the introduction, let that be always, if possible, good and rather lengthy than otherwise. Let the first crop of attention be thoroughly reaped. Since people will *not* listen to the middle, or listen at least very languidly, however excellent it be, let it by all means be short, rapid, touching, with light, firm, hurrying finger upon prominent points. Since, again, people *will* listen to the close, let that be solemn, condensed, brief, impressive—

gathering together all the meaning and momentum of the sermon into one sharp point, into one electric shock, vibrating with which the audience shall leave the church. And all this we verily believe can (in various degrees, of course, according to the ability of the speaker) be effected in the compass of forty minutes.

We have some specimens of what can be effected by short sermons in the writings of Wolfe, Arnold, and others. We know, too, of some distinguished ministers, in Scotland as well as England, who now make it a point that their discourses shall in no case exceed the length of half an hour, and whose lucubrations since are distinguished by greater pith and power, and attended with equal or greater effect. Their sermons, if thus somewhat shorter and slighter in the middle, are very much superior in head and in tail.

We have much graver charges than this to urge against modern preaching. It is not in general adapted to the various characters and circumstances which are to be found in every audience. It is still more lamentably *mal-à-propos* to the wants, cravings, and circumstances of our present age. It is by far too strictly and slavishly modelled on the preaching of the past. When it departs from that model it is too apt to degenerate into twaddle and commonplace, or else to talk the language of an obscure and pointless intellectualism. It is in general too dry, formal, didactic, and dogmatical in its tone. It does not give itself sufficient scope and range. It is still too harsh and ferocious in its management of the doctrines of sin and future punishment, and too crude and one sided in its pictures of the happiness here and the prospects hereafter of the good. It either ignores, or abuses, or makes awkward obeisance to genius, science, literature, and art. It is not sufficiently dramatic and imaginative. It is more conversant with the letter than with the spirit of the Bible. It has altered the position of the pulpit, which, in other ages, was far more than now a prophetic and prospective pinnacle. And hence our modern preaching is far inferior in power to our modern press—is wielding comparatively little influence either on the lower, or the upper, or the intellectual orders of the community, and seems rather, like the lines at Torres Vedras, to be covering a great retreat, than, like the fire of the final charge at Waterloo, to be carrying dismay and destruction into the ranks of the enemies of the Christian faith.

A volume could easily be filled with illustrations of these remarks. We can only at present drop a few hints upon each of them, in the order in which they have been now named, premising, however, that our remarks refer to the *general* state of

preaching as it has fallen within the sphere of our own knowledge or personal observation. We deny not that there are in all churches many and brilliant exceptions.

We very seldom find preaching studiously or successfully accommodated to the various characters and circumstances to be found in the audiences the preacher is addressing. A certain vague universality—such as Foster charges even on Hall—pervades the majority of sermons. The preacher forgets of what a motley and mingled yarn his hearers are composed, and that each has a right to expect something in the discourse specially adapted to *him*. Here is seated a mourning family, expecting a morsel of comfort, a movement, as it were, across their weeping eyes of a finger of that Hand which is to wipe away tears from all faces, and *that* he should manfully, and not sentimentally, supply. Here is a poor, untaught, half-human creature, whose nakedness has been newly clothed, who has come from a '*ragged church*' to this—surely a '*crumb*' might be spared from an overflowing feast to this '*dog under the table*,' and yet often he has to go empty away. Here, again, is a hopeful little boy, whose soul in his eyes you see just awaking, and the emerging of the evening star suddenly from black clouds is not so beautiful as the first shining out of immortal mind in a child's dark or deep-blue eye, and he is waiting for an incident, or little comparison, or some such barleycorn of truth, and shall not his young hunger be fed? Here, again, perhaps, is one bowing under a sense of secret sin, shrinking away from the preacher's eye, as if he knew all about it—shall there be no '*Go and sin no more*' for that poor fluttering heart? Here, on the other hand, is a proud and impudent transgressor, glorying in his shame; there should be a shaft in the gospel quiver to pierce him to the heart—some one word that shall stamp fire upon his callous cheek. Yonder is a conceited youth, who deems himself wiser than all his teachers—the preacher should have a word in season that may abate his pride. And here is another young and ardent inquirer seeking for truth; let there be a handful of truth for him. And here is an artistic critic, demanding the beautiful; let the beautiful be there, either coming out in sudden gushes, or shed like a fine dew over the whole performance. There should be milk for babes, and strong meat for those that are of full age. There should be much that every one can understand, and perhaps (it was Baxter's avowed and uniform plan) there should be something in every discourse that only a few in the audience, if any, can understand. Contrast this ideal with a whole sermon employed in trying to prove the doctrine of the infinite evil of sin, or with another on the Arminian controversy, or with a third, the

half of which is taken up in proving that Christ's body was not a phantom, or with a fourth, showing elaborately that the fish with the piece of money in its mouth was an emblem of Christ coming back from the grave with the price of the world's redemption!

Of course a unity and a main subject there ought to be; but surely the preacher, if he has tact and imagination, if he be able to realize to himself, and map out with some accuracy, his audience, will be able so to diversify the illustrations of his theme, as to have in it something suited to most of the wants and most of the tastes of his hearers—ay, and may do so ere three-quarters of an hour have sped by. And this he may effect with greater ease, and greater success, if he will make his applications pointed, particular, and comprehensive, not so much a series of deductions as of practical and searching appeals. It is because this diversity for which we plead is not aimed at nor attained, that, paradoxical as the statement may seem, it is nevertheless true that audiences are often at once starved and fed, at once satisfied and tantalized.

Or, if it be thought too much to demand this diversity in every sermon, let it at all events characterize the sermons of every preacher as a whole. Let all stiff, and monotonous, and fixed idea schemes of sermonising be abandoned. Let the pulpit be a 'large place,' where the flocks are liberally and variedly fed. But more of this afterwards.

Modern preaching is not, we think, sufficiently adapted to the cravings, and wants, and circumstances of our present age. It seldom even recognises that these are peculiar. It either cries out 'Peace! peace!' when there is no peace, or proclaims war against phantoms, which were never aught else, and which have long ago vanished away. What, we ask, is the pulpit doing in order to meet the manifold scepticisms, and shams, and mammon-worships, and commercial frauds, and political wrongs of this section of the nineteenth century? Some eccentric and able men have indeed become famous by grappling, in their pulpits, more or less successfully, with some of these. But we repeat that in this part of the article we speak of rules, and not of exceptions. Premising this, we do not find that relation to the age in the pulpit, far less that precedence of it, which we should have expected and desired.

The scepticisms of the present day are not sufficiently attended to in our daily ministrations. Whether preachers know it or not, there is now a great deal of secret or lurking scepticism in all assemblies. Some are doubting about the very existence of a God, while listening to His word, or standing or kneeling in His worship. Others, with the leaves of the

Bible open before them, are sceptics as to their divinity. Others, while joining in ascriptions of praise to Father, Son and Holy Ghost, are doubtful all the while whether these three are one, or 'whether there be so much as a Holy Ghost.' Others are perplexed about inspiration, or about churches, or about baptism. Could, in short, the dark doubts passing through the hearts of a congregation in the course of one act of public worship be laid bare before the speaker, he would tremble amid the fullest tide of his oratory, and hide his eyes from the terrible display thus given of the uncertainties and dubieties of thinking and earnest men in this age of ours.

But he ought not to turn away his eyes from this phenomenon. Far less should he, when he handles the subject of scepticism, do so in a harsh and peremptory spirit. He should distinguish between the dogmatist and the doubter; between the man willing to doubt and the man anxious to believe; above all, between the proselytizing sceptic and the man who, like that Spartan boy, allows the fox to gnaw his bowels rather than betray his secret. On the wilful circulator of poison; whether in the coarse, crude opium of a Paine, or in the refined morphia of an Emerson, he should have no mercy. But to the man, whose doubt, like a demon, rends and tears him, and yet who keeps it to himself, or reveals it in a modest manner, he should extend sympathy, counsel, and compassion. For who has made him to differ? Who has taught him to cease to doubt? If he has never doubted, may it not be because he has never thought? And if he never doubted, is not that enough to prove him disqualified for, or should it not at least render him exceedingly cautious in, dealing with the cases of those who have?

The genuine preacher will not only look at doubts in the face but will inquire into their causes. He will not rest till he has explored so far as he can, the 'dark bosoms' of the sufferers, and found out whether their scepticism spring from secret or open vice, or from a restless tendency to speculation, or from that excess of the imaginative faculty which so often unsettles men's views of Christianity, or from a gloomy temperament, or from false views of Christianity, or from the influence of great names, or from a combination of such causes; and according to the result of this diagnosis should be his mode of treatment and his plan of cure. It will not do now to stamp, stare, roar, and dogmatize down all scepticism in the same monotony of coarse and wholesale condemnation. Such may be the panacea for it of vulgar men and vulgar ministers, but cannot be approved of by any who have studied modern scepticism calmly, who have looked at it in a philosophical point of view, or who

have compared its working in the hearts of others with its working in their own; for need we say that a portion of doubt has its dwelling in every thinking soul, and that religion lives in a constant state of warfare with it, and is glad, even when it cannot strangle, if it can suppress and silence its voice?

The pulpit is not chargeable on the whole, in our country, at any rate, with shrinking from the declaration of the great principles of morality. OUR ministers have no slavery to palter with; nor would they, we think, wink at and whitewash it, though they lived beside that abomination which has in such a masterly manner contrived to unite all moral, political, social, and religious evils in one detested cup, and added to it besides an acid of hell peculiar to itself. They leave this to the American clergy, and to their few apes at home. But there are many lesser shams and worships and frauds and wrongs which our modern pulpit almost entirely ignores, and by ignoring serves to perpetuate. It attacks licentiousness and gross vice; but it says little about the worship of money, about the cant of respectability, about the undue honour paid to 'Right Honourable,' and other great names,—about the mean tricks of trade and frauds of commerce, and the innumerable white lies which abound in all the departments of society. It shuns, too, in general all allusions to the political and social movements of the age—although, surely, the pulpit should be an eminence commanding a view of both worlds, and intermeddling on fit occasion with every subject connected with the welfare and the advancement of mankind. The consequence is, that people stepping out of the every-day atmosphere of life into the church, find themselves in a strange and perplexing atmosphere, they are less elevated than startled and tantalized; they hear little that comes home to their business and bosoms, they seem to have passed by a single stride into the sepulchral gloom of the middle ages, and when they leave the sanctuary, it is like coming out of the world of dreams. Ah! the church does not now overlook and lord it over the Strand—the congregated throng of men—they go on their own way, and it stands apart, uttering unregarded thunders, and shooting out flashes which too often are powerless as *painted* lightning.

The truth is, that while the age has progressed the pulpit has stood still. The style of modern preaching is not materially changed from what it was two centuries ago. The same explanation of the same texts; the same ever-recurring platitudes and commonplaces; the same boldless thunders of threatening and warning; the same sheet lightnings of copious and ineffectual declamation; the same tone of priestly insolence and hauteur; the same fierce and rancorous partyism abound, as they did in

the past. Nay, some there are who would deliberately stereotype the mode of preaching, and insist that we in this day must reproduce the exact style and manner of the Covenanters or the Puritans, and that every minister to be successful must become a second Baxter, or a Rutherford Redivivus. This is not possible, and it were not desirable if it were possible. As well regret the loss of the grimaces which their preachers made and the strange gamut which they sung. Even Paul himself, were he returning to the church, would in all probability change his mode of address. 'Righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,' would still be his themes; the result would be again that Felixes would tremble at his oratory, his way to the heart or conscience would still be a *terribil via*; but there would be important diversities in his tone, his language, the line of his argument, and the course of his appeal. Paul was inspired as a writer; but there is no evidence that as a preacher he was perfect, or meant as a complete or final model for us. Chrysostom did not preach like Paul, but like Chrysostom, even as Paul had not preached like Jesus, but like Paul; Luther did not preach like any of the three, but like Luther; Knox copied not Calvin in his preaching nor Melville Knox, nor Chalmers or Hall any of them all. The beauty, power, and glory of preaching have always lain, if not in absolute originality, yet in new adaptation of old truth to new circumstances. And, on the other hand, the weakness, contempt, and degradation of preaching have lain, and do lie still, in slavish conformity to models in the form of sermon, abounding with the heads, and particulars, and inferences, the 'ohs' and 'ahs' of old sermons, imitating, too, their tone of sanctity, and accompanied by the whining voice, and the starched aspect which belonged to a by-gone day. How many the preachers who seem to imagine that man's religion, like his life, lies in his nostrils, or who deem that length of visage is a measure for piety and power, or who mistake a compound of clamour and cant for eloquence, or who confound the mere phraseology and technical theological language of our ancestors with their living fire and solemn earnestness? These are the men who disgust and weary the young intelligence of our day, whose sermons present a contrast so striking to the amenities and manly genialities of our current literature, and who may be said, indeed, unintentionally on their part, to be most masterly pioneers in the road of infidelity. Even the reprints of many of our old divines exert very little influence upon the rising mind, and how much less can we expect that their pulpit caricatures can? Under this we may notice the base practice of plagiarism which abounds among the clergy of this country.

Anecdotes and instances corroborative of this statement crowd upon our recollection. It is not with occasional pilferings, with petty larceny, that we charge many of them; but with systematic and wholesale theft. This practice is very widely spread. We have known of ministers, whose libraries almost entirely consisted of sermons, and who were more than suspected of never preaching any of their own. How delightful this must have been to their audiences! To be regaled in the morning with Saurin and in the afternoon with Hall, and to have Chalmers thundering over their heads in the evening, why they must have felt like bees passing, in varied luxury of enjoyment, from the tulip to the lily and from the lily to the rose! We have known of others who were in the habit of inlaying their commonplaces with all the brilliances they could pick up from the popular religious publications of the day, so that some attended them for the sake of hearing the best things of Isaac Taylor, Dr. Harris's 'last,' or the better sentences of Henry Rogers's newest paper in the 'Edinburgh.' Others watch the bookstalls and lay hold on the neglected fugitive sermons which are sometimes to be found there. We know of a little forgotten collection of 'Five Discourses,' by a Dissenter, which was stolen bodily by a worthy minister of the Scottish establishment. We have heard of a minister preaching in one chapel, while in another over the way, a young candidate was screaming out one of that minister's published sermons. We heard once from a very popular preacher a sermon which struck us and many others as remarkably poor. We found out afterwards that poor as it was, 'alas! master, it was borrowed.' This amused us exceedingly. It reminded us of the scene in 'Pelham,' where an English pickpocket in a coffee-house in Paris sees on the other side of the room a Frenchman of the same kidney, stealing some articles from the table, WHAT, he cannot see from the distance. To satisfy his curiosity, and expecting it to be something of value, he follows him out and relieves him of it—it consists of two small lumps of white sugar! Let our spiritual pilferers either give up their trade or aim at higher game.

We could add fifty similar stories; but it is needless. The fact is disgracefully notorious. Nor is it a matter for mere laughter, it is a subject for sorrow and for grave reprehension: sorrow that many ministers are so weak as to need such aid, and reprehension of their conduct in seeking it in such a mean and immoral manner. We may add, however, that we entertain a sanguine hope that this practice is doomed. The age is now too enlightened for it, and even the lower classes are fast coming on its scent. But, meantime, we say let the habitual plagiarist

be exposed without mercy. He turns the pulpit into a receptacle for stolen goods. He gives occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully. He disgraces himself, degrades his office, and insults his people. He does worse than this, he gives them food which is often unsuitable to their palates. They, in country congregations at least, are hungering for plain bread, and he has stolen nectar and ambrosia—the refined essence of the mightiest minds—for their use. For we verily believe that a sermon of moderate literary merits, coming fresh from the preacher's heart, and dictated by knowledge of the circumstances of his people, will tell more powerfully, and be far more useful than the sublimest pulpit meditations of a Bossuet, a Howe, or a Hall.

When preaching is not slavishly modelled on that of the past, or else stolen from it, it is often apt to slide into a species of commonplace twaddle, or into a vague intellectualism. Unspeakable the platitudes which abound in many pulpits. The plea indeed is often used, that the simple truths of the Gospel are best adapted for popular audiences. This is in part true, but it is not true that these should always be presented in the same sickening iteration of commonplace illustration and language. Paul, Peter, and John, all preached the simple truths of the Gospel, but all in a very different style, and accompanied with very different arguments and imagery. The truths of the Gospel are simple, and should never be omitted or drowned in the discourse. But surely they are entitled to all the advantage which the power of variety and the force of contrast, if not the energies of eloquence and of genius, can bestow. If some throw such a glare about Christ, the Cross, and Christianity, that it is difficult to see them, the majority exhibit them in a naked, dreary aspect, and make the dry skeleton dogmas of their creed rattle against each other, like wintry branches in the storm. Others, in anxiety to avoid this, go to another extreme. They affect a certain vague intellectualism, a sort of misty verbiage, which after all serves only carefully to cloak up commonplace. We have frequently heard discourses which were evidently elaborate, which had all the *sound* of intellectual prelections, but which did not present one distinct idea or one memorable image. It was the landscape under a haze, and the dim glimpses of it you got did not convince you that it would seem very beautiful, even had the haze been away. If the preacher happened to be a German scholar, it was much worse. 'Stand-points,' 'objective,' 'subjective,' 'dynamical,' 'mechanical,' and a hundred other imported or technical terms, in this case reeled up and down the mist and served to render the darkness more invisible.

The effect on the people was curious and complex. Some of them admired, because they seemed to understand it. Others disliked, and a third class liked it, because they did *not* understand it! On leaving the church some are overheard saying, 'What an intellectual discourse!' others, 'We did not see his drift;' and a third class rejoicing, 'It was your own fault;' and perhaps adding, 'That discourse might have appeared as an article in one of our leading Reviews'—a compliment, by the way, neither to the Review nor to the sermon.

We may next cluster together a few of our charges against modern preaching. It is too stiff set and dogmatic in its cast. It does not take a range sufficiently wide. It is not sufficiently dramatic and imaginative; and it either ignores or makes awkward obeisance to Genius, Art, Science, and Philosophy.

Why should God's word, we ask, wear either a straight jacket or a strict and stern coat of mail? Why even a tunic? Why not a free, easy-flowing, and flexible toga? Is it not of age and able to speak for itself? Why a uniform and starched-up costume like that of the childish Chinese, painted sometimes, too, not, as the second veil of the temple was, with the figures of the cherubims, but with flames and fiends, like the dress of the victims of an *auto-da-fé*. Why so little of the direct, the conversational, and the dramatic? Why does the preacher so seldom *lean over* the pulpit, and dropping state and ceremony, talk on the level, and to the consciences and hearts of his people? Why so few allusions to the literature, the art, the politics, the science, and the philosophical aspects of the day? Even good poetry is seldom quoted, or, if it is, with little effect, and with many silent protests on the part of the audience, or inquiries 'whose is that?' for we, in these days, are afraid of sharpening our weapons at the forges of the Philistines; and it were considerably safer for a minister to quote Satan than to quote Shelley. Thus it comes that, partly through the blame of the preacher and partly through that of the people, preaching stands up in the midst of us a cold bust—beautiful sometimes, but certainly blind—'among us but not of us'—tantalizing many by its symmetrical proportions and snowy whiteness, but neither, in general, instructing, nor making, nor moving the world.

Of course the pulpit is ready, when occasion suits, to bow before Literature, Science, and Philosophy, and sometimes with ostentatious homage. But the homage is often as hollow as it is humble. Besides, the very fact of bowing is a proclamation of weakness and inferiority. What the preacher should do, is to seize upon these lower territories in the name of his

God, and to appropriate to the cause of Heaven all their riches. He must not come there as a bewildered beggar, asking for alms, but as a conquering monarch, claiming spoils. Possessed of the grand central truths of Christianity—namely, the creation of man by God and in God's image; the redemption of man through Christ's atonement; the glorification of man and of his world through Christ's reign; he will gather around them all the tributes of 'gold, frankincense, and myrrh,' which the whole world of art and knowledge can supply, and feel that, after all, it is too poor a present for Immanuel; and that before Him, and the sublimities of his religion, Art must lower her pencil, Science lay aside her plummet, and Poetry at once exalt and mitigate her song.

The true preacher should now often proclaim the unity of truth, that while other ages have been distinguished for their propensity to, and proficiency in, some one branch of study, in our age, all knowledge is being 'increased'—the entire periphery of truth is being illuminated! Men are beginning to *feel* (and preachers should feel too), without being as yet able to *prove* that there is but one tree of knowledge, and that literature, science, art, philosophy, and theology, are just branches in that tree, the root of which is in the deep heart of man, and the top of which reacheth unto the heavens of God. It is now lightening around us at every pore of the horizon, and we can less compare the rise of truth to the upspringing of the sun from one point in the east, than to another phenomenon we witnessed four years ago. On a clear, starry October night, in 1848, there began suddenly to stream up certain films, or rather rills, of electric light, not from the north, merely, as is generally the case, but simultaneously from north, south, east, and west, till, meeting in the zenith, they seemed to pause, to mingle, and to form together a great, white, quivering tent, or tabernacle of light, which covered the whole face of the heavens, and which it was an awful joy for men to stand under, and wondering to behold. Thus is Truth breaking irresistibly forth from every point of heaven, and is hurrying on to some great central meeting-place, to the formation of some wider, more complete, and more magnificent system than man's ear has ever yet heard, or than it has ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. Prudence is beginning to dwell with Wisdom; Righteousness and Peace are embracing each other. Truth is already springing from earth, and Righteousness may soon be expected to look down from heaven; literature and science must soon become Christian; Christianity, in her turn, must become literary and scientific, ere they can together form the living bread and the guiding light of the world. And woe

to that preacher who refuses to be a witness at those glorious nuptials!

We have another charge, which we would urge more in sorrow than in anger. It is in reference to the treatment preachers give in general to sin and sinners, and to the manner in which they handle the doctrine of punishment. This is a delicate and difficult topic, and we wish to touch it tenderly. Let us, then, remember that a minister, however pious and sincere, stands up a sinful man, talking to a sinful audience. Perhaps he is the greatest sinner in the assembly. At all events, as Dr. Johnson says, he may know worse of himself, than he is sure of in reference to any of his hearers. In these circumstances, how gentle should be his tone, and how wide his charity! There should be no haste of judgment, or harshness of language, or bellowing fury in utterance. He should remember the conduct of his Master to the poor woman taken in adultery, and should reason,—‘If He, a being spotlessly pure, was so lenient, who am I that I should wield the balance, and flourish the rod?’ While hating and denouncing sin, he should be careful to prove that he loves the sinner, that while seeking to strip away and consume the ‘garment spotted by the flesh,’ he yet pities and loves the wearer, and would save him from perdition. Affectionate and solemn earnestness, melting ever and anon into tears, should distinguish all his language, and the cry should be often on his lips,—‘God be merciful to *me* a sinner.’

Especially when he nears the edge of that tremendous pit into which human guilt is at last to go down, should his words be few and well ordered. It will not now do to ape the awful language of a Jonathan Edwards, or an Edward Irving. The one of these spoke as if with the authority of a cherub; the other with the burning zeal of a seraph. Yet even their tone, as well as that of Pollok in his poem, was far too harsh and contemptuous. Irving seems sometimes to dance with savage exultation over the tombstone of the sepulchre of the second death. Pollok and Edwards remind you often of the divine, described by Foster, who represents the Almighty as a ‘dreadful King of Furies, whose musick is the cries of victims, and whose glory requires to be illustrated by the ruin of his creation.’ This style of describing future punishment has in some measure been modified, but continues to linger on in many churches. The late Mr. MacCheyne, of Dundee, certainly one of the most devoted and heroic Christian ministers the church ever produced, nevertheless erred grievously in this respect. His views of God’s sovereignty were awfully transcendental, and led him, especially towards the close of his career, into Jonathan Edwardsisms of thought and

language, which many of his audience were not able to bear. One remarkable sermon was on the text 'Snares, fire, and brimstone, He shall rain upon sinners.' It is said to have been a fearful sermon, and frightened many almost out of their senses. In one village, the effect was so tremendous, that he was requested to return and add a codicil of consolation, which he did a few weeks before his lamented death. Perhaps the fever which slew him was already seething in his brain. He told the people 'there's a real hell, and not only so, but real fire, and literal brimstone,'—we wonder he did not add literal 'snares,' too. Poor fellow! he thought this the best way of converting sinners. Peace to his memory! He was a man of God, and his struggles with his own peculiar temperament and sore temptations rose to the sublime, and rank him with the Augustines, the Bernards, and the Martins of the past.

This dogma of literal fire and brimstone, although now renounced by most expositors, and become incredible to most men of sense, is still believed and preached by some, with, we think, a most pernicious effect. In the first place, it is not a scriptural doctrine—every passage produced in its behalf contains, like that just quoted, something that belies its literality; and how can what is not scriptural produce from the pulpit a salutary influence? Secondly, it tends terribly to vulgarize the Divine ideal, and plan of punishment. It throws a coarse horror around the simple and purged perdition which the New Testament threatens. For moral death, and the torments of a soul delivered up to itself, as into the hands of a dire tormentor, it substitutes a vault of fire, and the coils of a literal worm. It brushes away thus the dim and dreadful 'mist of darkness' which scripture language weaves and leaves over the place of punishment. And it tends more than perhaps anything else connected, whether really or apparently, with the scheme of Christianity, to rouse the gorge of humanity against it—to excite in some the wonder of incredulity, in others the fury of desperate resistance, and, perhaps, in a third class, the submission of passive and prostrate stupidity. Vain to say, that this proves only the desperate wickedness of human nature—it proves rather that such a dogma as literal flame jars on those finer instincts and nobler feelings which human nature still includes. It is more revolting now to saints than to sinners. Indeed, the Christian 'Reign of Terror' is well nigh over, the Wind of Sinai has failed to loosen the cloak of the traveller, and has ceased, or is ceasing, to blow; the mild Sun of Righteousness must do the otherwise impossible work.

We find that our space and time will not permit us to enter on our criticism of individual sermon writers and preachers.

This we must reserve for another opportunity. We pass to say a few words about the book before us. The late Dr. Stark, of Dennyloanhead, was not much known beyond his own body, but within that somewhat large circle, no minister was more esteemed. Indeed, 'esteem' or 'respect' was a term more exactly measuring the general feeling entertained toward him than either 'admiration' or 'love.' He was not a brilliant man, nor a man of genius; he was in private a most amiable person, but this lay disguised under a somewhat cold and dry exterior—and as Wordsworth hath it,—

‘You must love him ere to you
He did seem worthy of your love.’

But while loved by his intimates, and admired by a large class of auditors, including his own people, he was esteemed by all for his solid strength of mind, his integrity of character, and the massive energy of his eloquence.

We have heard him preach repeatedly, and, though young at the time, we retain a vivid recollection of his manner and effect, if not of the substance, of his discourses. He was rather a long preacher. This, however, in those days—1828, or so—was not cared for in Scotland, especially on the Sabbath evening of a sacramental day, when the church was crowded, and when men's minds were sweetened and solemnized by the previous services. The grand piano of a thousand hearts is ever then in tune, and poor is the performer who cannot, for a little hour, discourse on it excellent music. Stark struck it with a masterly hand. He commenced always calmly. For a while a certain stiffness adhered to his manner. His discourse moved on in a quiet steady current of didactic remarks rather than reasoning, of clear and sensible rather than eloquent or profound thought, his voice preserving the while an even tenour, and gesture there was absolutely none. By-and-bye, however, he began, in that fine old Puritanic phrase, to be 'enlarged,' his voice gradually rose, his form expanded; he became more rapid in his utterance, more energetic in his manner; his face, too, assumed a certain solemn glow of meaning, not like radiance, but like *radiance awaking from slumber*; and then came his climax and close—a long climax—a close of a full half-hour's duration. It was usually very powerful; you saw and felt the heat of the strong chariot wheel, nearing the end of its course. His voice had risen into a thunder peculiar to himself, neither harsh, nor shrill, nor hollow, but clear, strong, and overwhelming. His matter, too, had strengthened, if not sublimated—if it had not become flame, it had become 'lion's marrow.' His audience, if they neither wept nor trembled, yet listened in

the deepest silence, and their sigh when he had done seemed that of one touched heart. For the power of the last half-hour had been that of strict and practical appeal; he had been dealing—and dealing like a master in Israel—with the consciences, and not the feelings or fancies merely of his hearers, and they said, or at least felt, ‘if not a consummate orator, this man is a preacher who needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of life.’

Such, indeed, was precisely Stark’s character. He was a first-rate preacher of righteousness, and expounder of divine truth. His power lay in strong good sense, expressed with manly directness, and carried home with overwhelming earnestness to the heart and the conscience.

We find such qualities very marked in the volume of sermons before us. Without exactly fulfilling all the criteria of a perfect sermon, they possess many of those qualities which make sermons valuable and influential. They are rich not indeed in imagery or original conception, but in evangelical truth; they are ‘full of matter,’ and their language is clear, chaste, and massive. Mr. Edmond—for sometime his colleague, himself a preacher of much ‘mark and likelihood,’—has some striking remarks on his preaching:—

‘His robustness of mind did not dwarf his emotions. His mind stood like the firm oak’s trunk; but not that trunk, barren, rugged, sapless, but branching, virescent, graceful, inviting to rest under its grateful shade. This character of massiveness and power was a predominant quality of his preaching. It might be traced in his very style. In hearkening to his discourses you were ever and anon introduced to some cumulus of clauses, where the huge sentence, forked and branched like a great tree, spread before you in formidable agglomeration. Yet it had unity and symmetry of its own, and the very accumulation lent it power. It moved with a sort of elephantine cumbrousness, but with elephantine strength too. The same characteristic was conspicuous in his manner. His voice and gesture had singular power about them. In his ordinary conversation, too, you could trace the same quality. He scarcely ever made a remark of which the hearer might not feel that it was worthy of utterance. His very gait and walk were indicative of strength and steadfastness.’

His stature was a little above the middle size; his form erect; his countenance somewhat dry and saturnine, but acute and expressive, and could sparkle into humour, or glow with manly sympathy and affection. When perfectly at ease, as we have said, he was a delightful companion, bland, humorous, full of heart and friendliness, qualities which were felt to be more engaging as contrasting with the majesty of his usual manner.

We refer our readers, who would know more of this eminent man, to the interesting and well-written memoir by Mr. Edmond. The Reverend W. Steven of Largs, his son-in-law, has also judiciously and ably discharged the office of editor.

We recommend, in fine, his sermons, not as fulfilling the highest ideal of their art, nor as entirely free from the faults we have found in the modern pulpit, but as an excellent specimen of Scotch preaching. Scotchman as the writer of this paper is, he is forced to admit that he prefers the English sermon writers to the Scotch. Strange as it might seem, the inhabitants of the 'Plain,' have discovered more imagination than we of the 'Mountain.' We have no Jeremy Taylor, nor Dr. Donne, nor Howe, nor Barrow, nor John Scott, nor Hall, nor Foster, among our divines. The great merit of the Scottish divines is clear solid sense; their great deficit is genius. Chalmers and Irving, to be sure, had this; but neither of them could write English; they used in general a barbarous *patois* of their own. Neither can we commend the sermons before us for their imaginative qualities. But next, perhaps, to Dr. MacRies, they furnish about the best example of those qualities of strength, earnestness, and spiritual sap, which have made the preaching of the Scottish minister, from the days of John Knox downwards, so powerful in guiding the intellects, warming the hearts, and sustaining the religious energy and zeal of his fellow-countrymen.*

ART. III.—*The History of Henry Esmond, Esq., a Colonel in the Service of Her Majesty Queen Anne.* Written by Himself. In Three Volumes. Second Edition. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1852.

MR. THACKERAY, the author of these volumes, is already known to the public as a writer of fiction, chiefly through his 'Pendennis' and 'Vanity Fair,'—works which, though marked by some defects, have obtained a wide and deserved popularity. This, we are inclined to think, will not be much augmented by the work before us. Not only does the same author manifestly re-appear in these pages, but with him the prominent characters of his former productions with nothing

* We may add, that Dr. Stark published, many years ago, a volume of sermons, much admired at the time, and displaying all the qualities of the present volume in a more elaborate form.

changed but their dress, while some peculiar defects make their first appearance in 'Esmond.'

There are not many novelists who, like Godwin, have been ambitious enough to produce a work, the interest of which is made to turn on some other central point than that of youthful love. To such an attempt, however, Mr. Thackeray has, as nearly as possible, committed himself; for although all his characters are not of one sex, and although his hero does not escape the snares both of love and marriage, yet the author has ingeniously contrived to alienate the sympathies of the reader from his hero in both, and mischievously to combine with the sweets of love an extract of 'poppy and mandragora,'—an element of tedium and nausea.

— 'medio de fonte leporum

Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.'

When he presents youth and beauty, it is passionless and frivolous, and when he depicts the ardour of woman's love, he associates it with mature years and fading charms. Indeed, the reader might be almost tempted to suppose that Mr. Thackeray is seeking to solve the problem of how much popular interest can be attracted to a novel from which all the beauties most proper to that class of literature are excluded; in which the plot is a puzzle, and the development of it an ever-increasing disappointment.

As a mere narrative of facts it is clumsy and unintelligible, and its complexity is increased by the narrator most commonly speaking of himself in the third person, but not unfrequently in the first. Nay, even the style in which the whole merit of the book consists, is open to serious objection. The antiquated forms of expression in which it abounds, are quite unnecessary to mark the age of Addison. The quaint typography, too, looks very much like a clap-trap. Nor is the mind drawn into illusion by reading on the title-page, immediately above the date 1852, 'printed for Smith, Elder, & Company, over against St. Peter's Church in Cornhill,' nor by discovering from the next page, that Messrs. Bradbury and Evans prosecute their laudable vocation in the 'precinct of Whitefriars.' But this is not all; just in proportion as Mr. Thackeray assumes this adopted style do his sentences become stiff and unnatural, and whenever he rises to real eloquence, as he frequently does, it is quite evident that he has come home from his chronological wanderings to his proper location in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Indeed, if we could forget the lumpy, insulated *haths* and *doths*, which make a progress through his paragraphs somewhat like walking along a road newly subjected to the first

operations of MacAdam, the involution of the sentences would render it a wearisome book. Long parentheses here and there suspend the progress of thought, while the mode of punctuation would seem to have been adopted for no other purpose than to perplex and annoy. So, too, the narrative itself presents the most slovenly inconsistencies. Thus, in describing an accident which befel one of the characters, who leaped from a carriage, the horses of which were running away, the author says: 'His large periwig and feathered hat had fallen off, and he was bleeding profusely from a wound on the forehead, and looking, and being, indeed, a corpse!' Of course, the reader dismisses this gentleman from his attention with a mental *requiescat in pace*. But in a few lines he finds his mistake, and reads: 'He was half an hour before he came to himself, by which time Dr. Tusher and little Frank arrived, and found my lord not a corpse, indeed, but *as pale as one!*'

Having said this much in necessary depreciation of Mr. Thackeray's performance, we will endeavour to bring the reader better acquainted with it by presenting an analysis of the narrative, introducing the author in person in those passages which best illustrate his unquestionably great ability.

The reader does not see but feels his way through a number of dark passages to the fact that Henry Esmond, the subject of this autobiography is the legitimate son of Thomas Lord Viscount Castlewood, by a poor girl whom he met with abroad, seduced, and married, when he thought himself dying; but whom, on his recovery, he deserted, and married a painted dowager of the court of James II., by whom he had no issue, and continuing steadfast in the service of the last of the Stuarts, met his death at the battle of the Boyne. His son, the hero of the tale, had always been regarded as illegitimate, and it seemed, as if in reparation for the wrong of his birth, that he was received at the ancestral seat of Castlewood, and educated there under a certain Dr. Holt. This Holt was a Jesuit priest, who, with the exception of the viscount himself, was the sole depositary of the secret of Esmond's legitimacy. Like many other fathers of the same order, Holt engaged in many deep intrigues in furtherance of the monarch's views, and schooled the boy to secrecy by those methods corporal and mental for which the order of St. Ignatius have made themselves notorious. But the intrigues of the Jesuit and his patron excited suspicion, and the result was, in spite of secret exits, changed dresses, and burnt manuscripts, the exile of Holt, the imprisonment of the viscountess, and the death, as has been said, of Lord Castlewood at the Boyne.

As Thomas Viscount Castlewood was supposed to have died

without legitimate issue, his cousin Lord Francis succeeded to his title and estates. This nobleman was married to a young lady of exquisite personal charms and loveliness of character, by whom he had a son, a mere child, at his accession to the title, and a daughter, Beatrix, and she and her mother are made, most unnaturally, the heroines of the tale. On taking possession of the Castlewood estates, the new proprietor was informed by the dowager of Henry's legitimacy, a fact which was kept secret from the beautiful viscountess, and was unsuspected by every one else. Esmond, who was now twelve years of age, was retained in the family, and treated with great fondness by his lovely mistress, (as, having previously held the office of page, he was accustomed to call her; and who then had scarcely numbered twenty summers), and was soon installed as instructor of the children in elementary learning, while the viscountess herself condescended to draw from the stores with which Father Holt had endowed him some additions to the more masculine part of her own education. This period was, with all the family at Castlewood, that too sunny morning of happiness which is apt to inspire the instinctive, unexpressed fear, that it was too bright to last. A single sketch of its beauty shall be given here as a specimen of that more glowing dash of the author's pencil which exhibits him in his happiest mood:—

“They passed thence through the musick-gallery, long since dismantled, and Queen Elizabeth's rooms in the clock-tower, and out into the terrace, where there was a fine prospect of sunset, and the great darkling woods with a cloud of rooks returning; and the plain and river with Castlewood village beyond, and purple hills beautiful to look at—and the little heir of Castlewood, a child of two years old, was already here on the terrace in his nurse's arms, from whom he ran across the grass instantly he perceived his mother, and came to her.

“If thou canst not be happy here,” says my lord, looking round at the scene, “thou art hard to please, Rachel.”

“I am happy where you are,” she said, “but we were happiest of all at Walcote Forest.” Then my lord began to describe what was before them to his wife, and what indeed little Harry knew better than he—viz., the history of the house: how by yonder gate the page ran away with the heiress of Castlewood, by which the estate came into the present family, how the Roundheads attacked the clock-tower, which my lord's father was slain in defending. “I was but two years old then,” says he, “but take forty-six from ninety, and how old shall I be, kinsman Harry?”

“Thirty,” says his wife, with a laugh.

“A great deal too old for you, Rachel,” answers my lord, looking fondly down at her. Indeed she seemed to be a girl; and was at that time scarce twenty years old.

“You know, Frank, I will do anything to please you,” says she, “and I promise you I will grow older every day.”

“You mustn't call papa Frank; you must call papa my lord, now,” says Miss Beatrix, with a toss of her little head; at which the mother smiled, and the good-natured father laughed, and the little trotting boy laughed, not knowing why—but because he was happy no doubt—as every one seemed to be there.—Vol. i. pp. 38, 39.

But in this nobleman's mind, there seems to have been no soil sufficiently deep and genial to foster the growth of the choicer flowers and fruits of domestic happiness; and here the reader is first chilled and disappointed, by finding that this defect is shared in some degree by the viscountess.

‘Twas easy for Harry to see, however much his lady persisted in obedience and admiration for her husband, that my lord tired of his quiet life, and grew weary, and then testy, at those gentle bonds with which his wife would have held him. As they say the Grand Lama of Thibet is very much fatigued by his character of divinity, and yawns on his altar as his bonzes kneel and worship him, many a home-god grows heartily sick of the reverence with which his family-devotees pursue him, and sighs for freedom and for his old life, and to be off the pedestal on which his dependents would have him sit for ever, whilst they adore him, and ply him with flowers, and hymns, and incense, and flattery;—so, after a few years of his marriage, my honest Lord Castlewood began to tire; all the highflown raptures and devotional ceremonies with which his wife, his chief priestess, treated him, first sent him to sleep, and then drove him out of doors; for the truth must be told, that my lord was a jolly gentleman with very little of the august or divine in his nature, though his fond wife persisted in revering it,—and besides, he had to pay a penalty for this love, which persons of his disposition seldom like to defray: and, in a word, if he had a loving wife, had a very jealous and exacting one. Then he wearied of this jealousy: then he broke away from it; then came, no doubt, complaints and recriminations; then, perhaps, promises of amendment not fulfilled; then upbraidings not the more pleasant, because they were silent, and only sad looks and tearful eyes conveyed them. Then, perhaps, the pair reached that other stage which is not uncommon in married life when the woman perceives that the god of the honeymoon is a god no more; only a mortal like the rest of us,—and so she looks into her heart, and lo! *vacuæ sedes et inania arcana*. And now, supposing our lady to have a fine genius and a brilliant wit of her own, and the magic spell and infatuation removed from her which had led her to worship as a god a very ordinary mortal—and what follows? They live together, and they dine together, and they say ‘my dear’ and ‘my love’ as heretofore; but the man is himself, and the woman herself: that dream of love is over, as everything else is over in life; as flowers and fury, and griefs and pleasures are over.’—Ib. pp. 156—158.

The development of the passion of jealousy in the mind of the beautiful Rachel, and of the conduct which justified it on the part of the lord, who became habitually intemperate, and notoriously had an illicit connexion with a woman who resided a few miles from Castlewood, entirely blight the interest of this part of the story; and however justifiable such developments would be in a purely historical narrative, their introduction into 'Esmond' appears to us one of the cardinal defects of the work. Yet even these are treated in such a way as to sustain the amusement of the reader, even when all deeper sentiment has been for a time suspended.

'With the other sex,' says the writer, 'perfectly tolerant and kindly, of her own she was invariably jealous, and a proof that she had this vice is, that though she would acknowledge a thousand faults which she had not, to this which she had she could never be got to own. But if there came a woman with even a semblance of beauty to Castlewood, she was so sure to find out some wrong in her, that my lord, laughing in his jolly way, would often joke with her concerning her foible. Comely servant maids might come for hire, but none were taken at Castlewood. The housekeeper was old; my lady's own waiting-woman squinted, and was marked with the small-pox; the housemaids and scullion were ordinary country wenches, to whom Lady Castlewood was kind, as her nature made her to everybody almost; but as soon as ever she had to do with a pretty woman, she was cold, retiring, and haughty.'—*Ib.* pp. 162, 163.

"She was always so," my lord said; "the very notion of a woman drives her mad. I took to liquor on that very account, by Jove, for no other reason than that; for she can't be jealous of a beer-barrel or a bottle of rum, can she, Doctor? D—— it, look at the maids—just look at the maids in the house" (my lord pronounced all the words together—just-look-at-the-maze-in-the-house: jever-see-such-maze?) "You wouldn't take a wife out of Castlewood now, would you Doctor?" and my lord burst out laughing!—*Ib.* p. 177.

Meanwhile, our hero himself has an escapade, which does not much raise him in our esteem. He fancies himself in love with the pretty daughter of the village blacksmith, visits her frequently, and fills her head with all the love passages with which the classic poets have filled his own. In one of these visits, he caresses one of the younger children, who is subsequently found to have fallen ill with the small-pox. He carries the infection to the mansion of his patron, communicates it to his mistress, and to the heir of the house, narrowly escapes with his life, and recovers to find the beauty of his noble patroness destroyed for life. The introduction of this calamity would seem to be the gratuitous sacrifice on the part of the author of one of his best resources; and consequently, to indicate a marvellous confidence in his own power to produce an un-

diminished effect with impaired materials; but even this is not all, for he tarnishes the character of his hero as much as he has done the beauty of his heroine. The village beauty died of the same disease, and Esmond declares that he had not a tear to shed for her; that he invoked in Latin verses the Dryads and river Nymphs to mourn for her, and himself 'made a long face; but in truth, felt scarcely more than a mute at a funeral.' 'Tis an error surely,' adds the author, in one of his most characteristic passages, to 'talk of the simplicity of youth. I think no persons are more hypocritical, and have a more affected behaviour to one another, than the young. They deceive themselves and each other with artifices that do not impose upon men of the world, and so we get to understand truth better, and grow simpler as we grow older.'

During this time, Lord Castlewood had absented himself through fear of this then dreaded pestilence. At length, upon the recovery of the viscountess, her lord returns to witness the hopeless deterioration of that beauty which constituted the last frail link by which she retained the residue of his attachment. The description of this crisis is given in the following striking manner:—

'Esmond well remembered the day. The lady, his mistress, was in a flurry of fear: before my lord came, she went into her room, and returned from it with reddened cheeks. Her fate was about to be decided. Her beauty was gone—was her reign, too, over? A minute would say. My lord came riding over the bridge—he could be seen from the great window, clad in scarlet, and mounted on his grey hackney—his little daughter ambled by him in a bright riding-dress of blue, on a shining chesnut horse. My lady leaned against the great mantel-piece, looking on, with one hand on her heart—she seemed only the more pale for those red marks on either cheek. She put her handkerchief to her eyes, and withdrew it, laughing hysterically—the cloth was quite red with the rouge when she took it away. She ran to her room again, and came back with pale cheeks and red eyes—her son in her hand—just as my lord entered, accompanied by young Esmond, who had gone out to meet his protector, and to hold his stirrup as he descended from horseback. . . . "And now for my lady," said my lord, going up the stairs, and passing under the tapestry curtain that hung before the drawing-room door. Esmond remembered that noble figure handsomely arrayed in scarlet. Within the last few months he himself had grown from a boy to be a man, and with his figure, his thoughts had shot up and grown manly. My lady's countenance, of which Harry Esmond was accustomed to watch the changes, and with a solicitous affection to note and interpret the signs of gladness or care, wore a sad and depressed look for many weeks after her lord's return; during which it seemed as if, by caresses and entreaties, she strove to win him back from some ill-humour he had, and which

he did not choose to throw off. In her eagerness to please him she practised a hundred of those arts which had formerly charmed him, but which seemed now to have lost their potency. Her songs did not amuse him; and she hushed them and the children when in his presence. My lord sat silent at his dinner, drinking greatly, his lady opposite to him looking furtively at his face, though also speechless. Her silence annoyed him as much as her speech; and he would peevishly, and with an oath, ask her why she held her tongue and looked so glum, or he would roughly check her when speaking, and bid her not talk nonsense. It seemed as if, since his return, nothing she could do or say could please him. When a master and mistress are at strife in a house, the subordinates in the family take the one side or the other. Harry Esmond stood in so great fear of my lord, that he would run a league barefoot to do a message for him; but his attachment for Lady Esmond was such a passion of grateful regard, that to spare her a grief, or to do her service, he would have given his life daily; and it was by the very depth and intensity of this regard that he began to divine how unhappy his adored lady's life was, and that a secret care (for she never spoke of her anxieties) was weighing upon her. Can any one, who has passed through the world and watched the nature of men and women there, doubt what hath befallen her?—*Ib.* pp. 192—195.

With this amount of experience, Esmond departs from Castlewood to cultivate his growing simplicity at the University of Cambridge, where he is supported by funds which accrued to his patroness from a legacy. After a two years' absence, he returns and finds things not at all improved in the household of his patron. The dissipated Lord Mohun—the same who was nearly killed by his fall from his carriage—is established at Castlewood; has drunk and dined with his host, until the latter is irretrievably in debt to him, and avails himself of his twofold position, to make criminal advances to the viscountess, which, though entirely rejected by her, come under the notice, and infuriate the mind of her husband. The evidences of impending hostilities are followed by the departure of Lord Mohun for London, and subsequently by that of the viscount, which latter event is described by the author in a passage of singular ingenuity and pathos. Esmond follows, and rejoins his patron in town; a quarrel at play is got up with a foregone conclusion; a meeting takes place, in which the viscount is mortally wounded, and discloses before his death to his protégé the secret of his legitimate birth, and his consequent proprietorship of the honours and estates of Castlewood. Of this important information, Esmond resolves, with chivalrous generosity, never to avail himself during the life of his beloved mistress and the supposed heir, and suffers a year's imprisonment in Newgate, as a party to the homicide of the deceased lord, on whom he attended at the duel. On his release, he finds favour with the

dowager, on the strength of his noble self-sacrifice ; and by her influence obtains a commission in the army, under the Duke of Marlborough. To omit the particulars of his campaigns, he returns covered with laurels, and finds Beatrix, whom he had left as a girl, the cynosure of the beauties of the court. The description of her at the meridian of her charms exhibits Mr. Thackeray's powers to great advantage.

‘Esmond had left a child, and found a woman, grown beyond the common height; and arrived at such a dazzling completeness of beauty, that his eyes might well show surprise and delight at beholding her. In hers there was a brightness so lustrous and melting, that I have seen a whole assembly follow her as if by an attraction irresistible: and that night the great duke was at the play-house after Ramillies, every soul turned and looked (she chanced to enter at the opposite side of the theatre at the same moment) at her, and not at him. She was a brown beauty: that is, her eyes, hair, and eye-brows and eye-lashes, were dark; her hair curling with rich undulations, and waving over her shoulders; but her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine; except her cheeks, which were a bright red, and her lips, which were of a still deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full, and so they might be for a goddess in marble, but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest low song, whose shape was perfect symmetry, health, decision, activity, whose foot as it planted itself on the ground was firm but flexible, and whose motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace—agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen—now melting, now imperious, now sarcastick, there was no single movement of hers but was beautiful. As he thinks of her, he who writes feels young again, and remembers a paragon.

‘So she came holding her dress with one fair rounded arm, and her taper before her, tripping down the stair to greet Esmond.’—Vol. ii. pp. 115, 116.

The young soldier's affections are at once captivated by her fascination, but the momentum of his earnest affection is powerless upon the impassive and impalpable frivolity of Beatrix. Perhaps this part of the work exhibits most clearly the incapacity of the author to reach his mark; or else, indeed, the waywardness with which he shoots his shaft at random. The character of this impulsive beauty is an utter failure, or rather it is simply an impossibility, on the most established laws of human nature. It is made to consist of elements which could not exist in combination, and reminds one of the prescription of a quack, in which each ingredient neutralizes another. Were this the first production of Mr. Thackeray, the judgment of the critics would probably be, that he was incompetent to delineate a strongly marked female character.

To win the favour of this Jacobite beauty, Esmond engaged in an intrigue to bring the Pretender into England, and effect

an interview between him and Queen Anne. This is successfully brought about, and the narrative of it certainly reads amusingly like a history written at the time. Public feeling, no less than successful intrigues of a private nature, seemed for a moment to prognosticate a happy issue to the design; when, suddenly, the plot becomes a rope of sand, and Beatrix, who had 'provoked the prince's dangerous admiration,' and allured him to the expression of it, fled with him to the Continent as his mistress, and so disappears from the scene.

Then comes the disappointing *denouement* of an ill-told tale. Esmond, who through life, coerced no less by circumstances than by sentiment, had held to the once beautiful Rachel Viscountess Castlewood, the relation of a page to his mistress, if not indeed of a son to a mother, throws himself into her arms; and while the reader lifts his eye-brow in surprise, the author says, with an elegant air of self-satisfaction:—'And then the tender matron, as beautiful in her autumn, and as pure as virgins in their spring, with blushes of love and 'eyes of meek surrender,' yielded to my respectful importunity, and consented to share my home.'

Thus ends a story, in which scholarship and no mean skill in composition contend for public admiration, in opposition to what would seem, as judged by this single work, to be an utter inability to construct a successful picture, or to delineate a consistent character.

We have noticed as an ambitious boldness in our author, an attempt to construct a fictitious narrative, unfounded on any such exhibition of the tender passion as might prove contagious to the reader. Expectation is similarly excited by seeing, in cursorily glancing over the pages, the names of Bolingbroke, Marlborough, Steele, Addison, and Swift. These expectations have, for the most part, been doomed to disappointment. Addison and Steele are both introduced drunk, and leave the reader vainly desiderating the charms of the 'Spectator,' and pensively thinking of the death-bed scene in that chamber, which we believe is still called Addison's room, in Holland House; while the notices of Bolingbroke and Swift only suggest the black-curtained niche, in the Doge's Palace, at Venice, or the conspicuous absence of the Roman hero's statue from the funeral procession. The introduction of such names is a forged interpolation in a bill of fare. Of the Duke of Marlborough the same cannot be said, and the portrait of that extraordinary man is too masterly, both in drawing and colouring, to be omitted without injustice to the work under review.

'Our chief, whom England and all Europe, saving only the Frenchmen, worshipped almost, had this of the god-like in him, that he was impassible before victory, before danger, before defeat. Before the

greatest obstacle or the most trivial ceremony; before a hundred thousand men drawn in battalia, or a peasant slaughtered at the door of his burning hovel; before a carouse of drunken German lords, or a monarch's court, or a cottage-table, where his plans were laid, or an enemy's battery, vomiting flame and death, and strewing corpses round him;—he was always cold, calm, resolute, like fate. He performed a treason or a court-bow; he told a falsehood as black as Styx as easily as he paid a compliment or spoke about the weather. He took a mistress, and left her; he betrayed his benefactor, and supported him, or would have murdered him, with the same calmness always, and having no more remorse than Clotho, when she weaves the thread, or Lachesis, when she cuts it.* In the hour of battle I have heard the Prince of Savoy's officers say, the Prince became possessed with a sort of warlike fury; his eyes lighted up; he rushed hither and thither, raging; he shrieked curses and encouragement, yelling and harking his bloody war-dogs on, and himself always at the first of the hunt. Our Duke was as calm at the mouth of the cannon, as at the door of a drawing-room. Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was, had he had a heart either for love or hatred, or pity or fear, or regret or remorse. He achieved the highest deed of daring, or deepest calculation of thought, as he performed the very meanest action of which a man is capable; told a lie, or cheated a fond woman, or robbed a poor beggar of a half-penny with a like awful serenity and equal capacity of the highest and lowest acts of our nature. His qualities were pretty well known in the army, where there were parties of all politicks, and of plenty of shrewdness and wit; but there existed such a perfect confidence in him, as the first captain of the world, and such a faith and admiration in his prodigious genius and fortune, that the very men whom he notoriously cheated of their pay, the chiefs whom he used and injured—(for he used all men, great and small, that came near him, as his instruments alike, and took something of theirs, either some quality or some property,—the blood of a soldier, it might be, or a jewelled hat, or a hundred thousand crowns from a king, or a portion out of a starving sentinel's three farthings; or (when he was young) a kiss from a woman, and the gold chain off her neck, taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I have said, this of the god-like in him, that he could see a hero perish or a sparrow fall, with the same amount of sympathy for either. Not that he had no tears; he could always order up this reserve at the proper moment to battle; he could draw upon tears or smiles alike, and whenever need was for using this cheap coin. He would cringe to a shoeblack, as he would flatter a minister or a monarch; be haughty, be humble, threaten, repent, weep, grasp your hand or stab you, whenever he saw occasion.—But yet those of the army who knew him best and had suffered most from him, admired him most of all; and as he rode along the lines to battle, or galloped up in the nick of time

* Our author is here a little out in his mythology. He forgets the line—
 'Clotho colum retinet, Lachesis net et Atropos occat.'

to a battalion reeling from before the enemy's charge or shot, the fainting men and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face, and felt that his will made them irresistible. After the great victory of Blenheim the enthusiasm of the army for the Duke, even of his bitterest personal enemies in it, amounted to a sort of rage—nay, the very officers who cursed him in their hearts, were among the most frantick to cheer him. Who could refuse his meed of admiration to such a victory and such a victor? Not he who writes: a man may profess to be ever so much a philosopher; but he who fought on that day must feel a thrill of pride as he recalls it.'—*Ib.* pp. 156—159.

One or two general criticisms must close our notice of a work which we believe is already obtaining a very wide circulation. In spite of all the defects of this particular work, the author has a freshness of fancy and a vividness of style which must ensure his popularity; but he appears to be drawn, by a natural preference, to portray the inconsistencies, failings, and vices, rather than the excellencies of human nature. In his pages we meet rarely or never with an animated exhibition of exemplary virtue. His best characters are unworthy of imitation, while the rest are too low to be infectious either by their proximity or their moral influence. This study of the morbid anatomy of character is, in the hands of Mr. Thackeray, utterly unprofitable. If he associated the exhibitions which he makes with profound views of moral and religious truth; if he had the spiritualized fancy of Bunyan, the voice of a modern Ecclesiastes, or even the didactic pencil of a Hogarth, we might wish him to addict himself to what appear to be his favourite subjects of contemplation. But in his exhibitions of human infirmity there is no tone of dehortation. Amidst the shoals and quicksands of immorality, too truly charted, he erects no warning beacon, and he crowns no portraiture of heroic virtue with the 'immortal palm.' Passing by for a moment his propensity to exhibit chiefly the darkened hemisphere of human nature, we cannot help observing that his delineations of modern good and evil, lose all their influential effect through a perpetual silent omission of that great standard of right and wrong, the recognition of which alone can regulate the morals of mankind. We may concede to fiction the uses which have been attributed to it by general convention and consent; grant that the heart may be purified by the influence of terror and pity, and softened by even fictitious representations of generosity and tenderness; we still contend that exhibitions, whether of virtue or of vice, apart from those eternal laws which sanctify the one and condemn the other, can work only moral mischief by

tacitly representing as unnecessary those great principles in the absence of which Christianity is a fable and a name.

In conclusion, we would urge a friendly admonition on a writer of great intellectual power, and of equal literary facility and skill, to abstain from profanity. The repast which from time to time he provides for the public, needs no such coarse and vulgar condiment. The soldiers, statesmen, and gentlemen of the age of Addison might be identified without their oaths. To take no higher ground, they are silly and empty expletives, and only remind us of the habit of illiterate letter writers of scoring an unmeaning emphasis under every alternate word, or of the efforts of a man to shout under the nightmare of dyspepsia, which issue in a voiceless gasp, and only indicate the irregularities of his diet over night.

ART. IV.—*Proclamations of Governor Cathcart, Cape of Good Hope, 1852.*

2. *Declaration of the Municipality of Cape Town, against the further delay of the Constitution.* Folio. London: Saunders and Co. 1852.
3. *Inner Africa Laid Open.* By William Desborough Cooley. London: Longman and Co. 8vo. 1852.
4. *The Dorp and the Veld; or, Six Months at Natal.* By C. Barter, Esq., B.C.L., Fellow of New College, Oxford. 12mo. London: Orr and Co., 1852.
5. *Travels of MM. Arbousset and Daumas in the Interior of South Africa.* 12mo. Aberdeen and London.
6. *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society for 1852.* London. 8vo. 1852.
7. *The Caffre War.* To the Right Honourable B. Disraeli, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer. By Pascoe Grenfell Hill, R.N. Westminster. 8vo. 1852.
8. *A Tribute to the Negro.* By William Armistead. Manchester. 8vo. 1848.
9. *The Journal of a Residence at the Cape of Good Hope.* By Lady Anne Barnard, (author of 'Auld Robin Gray,') in the 'Lives of the Lindsays,' by Lord Lindsay. London. 8vo. 1849.

THE calamities which have for two years afflicted the frontiers of the Cape colony, constitute a grave crisis in the cause of African civilization, and a dark page in British colonial history. These calamities have followed on the Caffre war of 1846 more rapidly than that war succeeded the preceding con-

test of 1834, and they include the rebellion of a portion of the Hottentots heretofore warmly attached to British authority, as well as the hostility of Tambookies and others, once friendly Caffre tribes. This political crisis comes upon us at a moment when the geographical discoveries in South Africa are as important as they are unexpected; and the mineral riches of this healthy region, in addition to vast territorial resources, mark it as one capable of largely promoting the welfare of the human race. It is, then, indispensable to learn how it has happened that such promises of good are thwarted by so much positive evil, where our government is master of the destinies of millions. An account must be taken of this stewardship, regard being had to the true principles of British colonization, to the real character of the Africans with whom we are now in conflict, and to the nature of their country.

At all times during the last three hundred years, eminent men in England have seen that we had a great career to run beyond the seas. Such, in the sixteenth century, were Sebastian Cabot and Sir Walter Raleigh, who warmly shared the enthusiasm of all Europe at the deeds of De Gama and Columbus. The accomplished Sir Philip Sidney would willingly have engaged in the distant enterprise; and Elizabeth, who refused to let him accept the crown of Poland, with difficulty prevented his embarking for the New World with his adventurous friends. Secretary Walsingham zealously favoured these enterprises; and it was then that Lord Bacon gave earnest precepts to his gallant countrymen to do their heroic work of plantation, humanely and purely. He would not that the poor natives of a virgin soil should be wronged for our advantage; nor weak settlements be damaged by being made the receptacles of condemned men. In the next century, the flower of Britain were among the founders of our colonies; as, for example, Lords Delawarre* and Baltimore; William Penn, John Locke, and Lord Peterboro', who went to see America, with Penn; whilst Oliver Cromwell, Hyde Earl of Clarendon, and Lord Somers, never ceased to devote their most zealous care to good colonial government, and great colonial enterprise. For both objects they provided an excellent system of *home administration* of colonies, still existing in Whitehall, in its neglected and abused elements.

The able constitution of this system contains articles en-

* In the British Museum may be seen the original report of Lord De la Warre, governor of Virginia, to 'the Lords and others of the Council,' as delivered at a general assembly of the Company, in 1611, in London, on his return home in broken health. He left a deputy-governor behind, with more than two hundred settlers.

joining ministers to *encourage* colonization, and to promote zealously the welfare of the colonists as far as should be consistent with the welfare of our civilized, and our *barbarous* neighbours; so little founded is the recent pretence that philanthropy is a new thing among us. This constitution was dated in 1670; and it only promulgated more ancient and approved principles. A copy of it is preserved in the British Museum, 'Harl. MS.,' No. 6794. The original must be recorded in the register of the Privy Council, to which it was addressed. The House of Commons applied to the crown for it some years ago, when it was not produced. In 1695—6, this constitution for the home government of the colonies was revived. One of the new articles was to the following effect: 'The Lords Commissioners (of the Privy Council) are to receive from the colonies a true state of their situation, extent, population, produce, revenue, and civil policy, with proposals to improve each country to its own and the nation's profit. *This*, compared with what inquiries the Lords might themselves make, and the information they received at home, was to give them such a knowledge of all affairs on America, as that it would not be difficult to put things into an order of government that should preserve those countries in obedience to the crown and dependence on this kingdom. The colonies will flourish,' says the article, 'if they are intrusted to honest, discreet, and skilful hands, who will let them perceive they enjoy the rights and liberties of Englishmen though removed from England.'

The constitution of 1670 probably originated in the previous counsels of Cromwell and Lord Clarendon. The articles of 1695 were penned by Lord Somers. They repeated the former humane injunctions in favour of the aborigines of the colonies. In this period, too, Scotland was roused to undertake the same good and generous objects, under the guidance of Fletcher of Saltoun and William Paterson. Their great colony of Darien was ruined through English and Dutch jealousies.

The early years of the eighteenth century were not wanting in distinguished colonizers; and in that period some enlightened statesmen struggled hard to elevate and strengthen our progress beyond sea. Georgia was then founded by Oglethorpe, the friend of John Wesley,* who accompanied him to America; and Lord Halifax laboured for twenty years to give becoming

* In the poem 'The Prison Opened,' written in honour of General Oglethorpe, when chairman of the Committee of the House of Commons, which began the reforms of our gaols, so well followed up by the Howards and Frys of later times, and in other eulogistic pieces upon his friend, Wesley insists on the merit of carrying our *poor* people, not our convicts, to colonies.

vigour to our colonial policy abroad, and decent purity to its administration at home.* His name is preserved in that of the capital of the Nova Scotia settlements, which he acquired. Afterwards, as Cromwell had checked Spain by our colonial aggrandizement in the West Indies, Lord Chatham destroyed the supremacy of France in the East and the West Indies, and in North America, and won the Canadas for us. He exerted all his genius, but in vain, to preserve British India from disgraceful speculation and cruelty; and sank into his grave in the very act of attempting to save the other American colonies from a fatal civil war and separation.

During all this time, the same struggle for freedom and good government, which distracted us at home, was incessantly waged abroad. Change of place did not prevent the advocates of prerogative striving hard to establish its pretensions in our colonies; but they there encountered even sturdier resistance. The war of independence of 1776 was, in fact, a sanguinary repetition of the revolution of 1688. Negro slavery and convict transportation long degraded our colonization. The colonists resisted both, when our supposed interests compelled their acceptance of them; so little foundation is there for the recent notion of Mr. Gladstone and others, that the golden age of self-government was ever enjoyed by our colonies. With much more constitutional freedom than the colonies have enjoyed since, they were then subject to much arbitrary government; and above all, the guarantee of better government, to be found in elective representation in the English Parliament, as ably proposed by Mr. Maseres, Attorney-General for Canada in 1763, and then warmly advocated by others, was refused until too late.

‘Who in America would have rebelled?’ asked Lord Brougham, ‘nay, who would even have agitated, if the Americans had been represented in our Parliament?’ Adam Smith, who proposed a general taxation of the empire to pay the public debt (‘Wealth of Nations,’ vol. v. chap. 3), coupled it with a representation from America and the West Indies.—(‘Historical Sketches of Statesmen in the time of George III.,’ 3rd Series, vol. ii., 12 November, 1845.)

* Horace Walpole declares that the Colonial administration was become a *sinécure* under the Duke of Newcastle. ‘It would not be credited,’ he says, ‘what reams of paper, representations, memorials, petitions from the colonies, lay mouldering and unopened in his office. He knew as little of the geography of his department as of the state of it.’ On the contrary, ‘Lord Halifax, president of the Board of Trade, encouraged plans for pursuing and extending our trade and dominions in America.’ This was in the time of George II., when the seeds of the loss of the colonies were sown.

The measure was formally proposed in Parliament in 1781, when we were beaten by the colonists!

At this period the indifference of ministers to colonial progress amounted to absolute discouragement, which such men as Lord Halifax could not effectually check. Burke was agent for New York, and did much in favour of a better policy. On this especial point his opinions deserve the attention of those who in our days misrule the old, and resist new enterprises beyond sea. Mr. Burke appealed to the example of the statesmen of the seventeenth century in England and France on the subject. 'Colbert and Cromwell,' he says, 'agreed as to the value of colonies, and encouraged them vigorously. We ought not to look coldly on *projectors* of such enterprises, but rather risk some disappointment than crush their spirit.'* The appeal was made in order to persuade the *colonial office* of that day not to persevere in its opposition to one of the best colonial undertakings ever planned—that of the settlement of the country, now the American State, of Ohio.† Mr. Burke failed in this simple case, as he also did in the more important matter of the American war. After that war, despotic colonial despotism, encouraged by circumstances attendant on the wars of the French Revolution,—by our *conquests*, which at the first must of course be ruled with a strong hand, and by the military occupation of our people, which diverted them from free principles,—grew up needlessly in many settlements, to their extreme danger, and our great cost—a scandal now at length thoroughly exposed, and awaiting correction.

This despotism curiously centred itself in the Colonial Office in Downing Street, and the evil was consummated by the indifference of Parliament to colonial affairs, by the ancient supremacy of the Privy Council in those affairs being reduced to a nullity, and by ministers becoming ignorant of them to a proverb; so that when the administration was not corrupt, it fell upon what has been significantly termed 'a chapter of accidents.'

This despotic administration has adopted a principle directly subversive of its trust and of the public interests. Conscious of its inability to rule the colonies with general advantage, it has opposed their natural extension, and the colonizing genius of the nation is now with difficulty prevailing against ill-advised official resistance.

* European Settlements in America. 6th edition. Vol. i., p. 65.

† The details of this really extraordinary instance of mismanagement of our interests in the colonies, may be read in the 'Eclectic Review' of January, 1841, p. 29.

Committees of Parliament have dealt vigorously, but only by fits and starts, with the subject. The Colonial Land Committee of 1834 did so, and it produced the settlement of South Australia. It perhaps gave the first spring to *The Land and Emigration Commission*, opened a few years later, which in principle was a great step to colonial reform, although practically it has become a mere agent to the Colonial Office. With extreme difficulty, the resolution of private individuals prevailed over the bad influence of that office, and so their efforts led to the settlement of New Zealand, Port Philip, and Natal, all capable, under fitting guidance, of becoming flourishing and important communities.

But the Colonial Office, by its perverseness and inertness, has often paralyzed the best measures, and benumbed the faculties of good men. In 1819, Parliament zealously voted £50,000 for South African emigration, when the plan was so carelessly worked out by the administration, that the settlers' extreme distress, in a country naturally a paradise, at last compelled the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry to redress their grievances.

The Swan River colony of 1829, the last settlement founded under the pure despotism of the Colonial Office, and before any of the recent reforms were thought of, was a perfect specimen of that despotism. It had neither an elective legislature, nor even juries, and no provision whatever was made for the just acquisition of the land from the Aborigines, nor for their instruction, or even good treatment. It has been a failure in point of material prosperity, and it is now become a penal settlement, when all other colonies repudiate our convicts.

Our very philanthropy has been shipwrecked under the influence of the Colonial Office. In 1835, Lord Glenelg advised a course of humane and wise policy, with the sanction of a parliamentary committee, which, in 1836, stayed a threatened Caffre war, and secured peace to the Cape for nine years afterwards, with a steadier advance of prosperity within and without our borders than had been known for a quarter of a century. The Colonial Office, by its neglect, suffered that policy to be stifled, and Lord Glenelg has, year after year, looked on in apathetic silence from his seat in Parliament upon this unworthy ruin of his own work.

The whole case and history of the South African British colonies is singularly illustrative of the evils attendant upon colonial despotism in the form in which our Colonial Office has been permitted to administer this despotism for fifty years, and it is known that Sir John Pakington made no change in his measures for the interior of South Africa. He

adopted, without hesitation, his predecessor's rash opinion,—‘that the British Crown and nation have no interest whatever in Southern Africa beyond the very limited extent of territory required to secure the Cape of Good Hope as a naval station.’—(Instructions to Governor Cathcart, 2nd July, 1852.)

The scheme also of abandoning the interior, formed by the whig ministry, as a natural sequence to that opinion, was under the contemplation of the Earl of Derby's cabinet.—(Proclamation of Governor Cathcart, July, 1852.)

It is true that this notable scheme could not have been carried out in defiance of the colonists by any administration, and already Governor Cathcart has taken decisive steps to hold, if not to extend, the new British territories at the Cape, under whatever title acquired by Sir Harry Smith and others. The announcement of the intentions formed in Downing-street on that point, was only in decent obedience to the orders of the governor's superiors; or perhaps it was made with the hope of exciting zeal on the part of the colonists to second him in the Caffre war. The threatened abandonment was essentially different in its spirit from the wise restoration of our conquests in 1836 to the Caffres, ‘territorial aggression’ being much as ever our principle of action in South Africa, whilst, with gross inconsistency, we repudiate peaceful colonization, although, if properly conducted, it would be a blessing to our barbarous neighbours, as well as profitable to ourselves.

Sir John Pakington confirmed the orders of Earl Grey, to bring the Caffres to ‘complete and unconditional submission,’ without considering the origin of their hostility. This war has, therefore, been carried on in the old spirit, with some vindictive aggravations on our side, and in utter disregard of the wise and just principle of conciliation. The governor of the Cape, however, is to include the interests of the native tribes as well as those of the colonists, in the ‘report’ he is to make, on a new frontier system, at the end of the war.

Moreover, Sir John Pakington sanctioned a treaty, made by Earl Grey's commissioners, which not only acknowledges the independence of a large body of colonists, but which also stipulates that *no alliances* shall hereafter be made by the crown with colonized tribes, beyond our northern frontier, the Vaal River.* The British are not to trade in ammunition with these

* This point is practically the more grave, seeing that the government is pledged to protect the natives against our own people. ‘It is clear,’ said Earl Grey, to the governor of the Cape, in 1850, that the ‘Boers have not the slightest claim to the territory they occupy beyond the Vaal River; and I trust no time will be lost in carrying into effect the measures I have recommended to encourage and assist the native tribes, when they are oppressed, to assert their

tribes; but the colonial emigrants may get it in our colony. The children of the same emigrants, now independent of us, are to succeed to inheritances in the Cape Colony, Natal, and the Sovereignty; and any of the colonists may sell their lands, abandon us, and become members of the new republic.*

Governor Cathcart, in a proclamation confirming this treaty, humbly expresses his trust, 'that the freedom which the emigrants are thus permitted to exercise, may result in lasting friendship with the British government, neither entertaining past prejudices, nor adopting former causes of quarrel.'†

Thus ends a resistance of sixteen years on the part of the British government to the resolution of a large body of Cape colonists to settle in the interior of South Africa. Our governors at first looked in silence upon the migration, and they permitted the emigrants to slaughter an enormous number of black people, and after fighting pitched battles to prevent a *foreign* power becoming consolidated at Natal, they set the leaders' heads at a price as traitors. They now solemnly accord to these same people not only independence, but such beneficial terms as were never before heard of in the case of aliens; and a licence so uncontrolled over our black protégés and friends, as must invite the grossest oppression. All this is done, because our governors could neither rule these men with justice nor restrain their excesses with prudence; and because in our present collisions with Caffres, and Basutus, and Zoolus, it might be inconvenient to have the emigrants also upon our hands.

These Cape emigrants, thus constituting a white Christian community in the heart of South Africa, and *denationalized*, provided parliament agree to the treaty, escaped from British authority under great disadvantage; and their case demands the fullest consideration in its bearing upon the subject of the territorial riches of the interior, and upon the system fit to be established on the Cape frontiers.

It is often said, that this emigration was forced by the influence of the *philanthropists*, who, as is alleged, in about 1833, obtained a change of the law of border defences, to the disadvantage of the Cape colonists. There is no foundation whatever for this statement. The colony lost this numerous

rights and defend themselves.'—'Cape Correspondence,' House of Commons Papers, 1851, p. 97.

Lord Grey's 'measures' were perhaps the wildest ever conceived by a British minister. But they were the perfection of humane policy compared with this treaty.

* Friend of the Sovereignty, 17th January, 1852.

† 2nd July, 1852.

body, mainly because the government refused to encourage extended and humane colonization in the interior of South Africa. Such extension of the settlements in directions not injurious to the aborigines, as many districts beyond the Orange River and at Natal, must have been profitable to all concerned. The Secretary of State, in 1834, consulted Sir Andries Stockenström on the subject, when this distinguished man strongly advised the government by taking the *lead* in the interior, to prevent abuses, which alone make migrations dangerous. The official papers upon the Cape interior migrations, from 1830 to the date of the treaty, stipulating the independence of this body of Cape colonists, ought to be forthwith laid before parliament.

The group of four South African colonies actually under the British crown, consists:—1st, of the *Old Cape of Good Hope*, with about 250,000 inhabitants, and 70,000,000 acres of land; 2ndly, *Natal*, with 130,000 inhabitants, and 12,000,000 acres of land; 3rdly, *Victoria and British Caffraria*, taken from the Caffres, Tambookies, and Bushmen, since 1846, with 250,000 inhabitants, and 10,000,000 acres; and 4thly, the *Sovereignty*, acquired in 1849, with 200,000 inhabitants, and 90,000,000 acres.

The territorial value of the old Cape colony was early shown in the able reports and writings of Sir John Barrow, when secretary to Lord Macartney, a governor of great experience in all parts of the world,—in North America, and in India, as well as at the Cape. His lordship warmly approved of the views of his secretary; and those views had great influence in determining the British government to acquire the Cape. The experience of the colonists, English as well as Dutch, for fifty years, has justified the opinion of these two eminent men, at first, in the large supplies of fine wool from districts *near Cape Town*, where the late Mr. Michael Breda entered extensively into that business; and subsequently, in its production far beyond the limits of the old colony. On this head it deserves to be mentioned, that the original source of the *Australian* fine wool was the Cape of Good Hope; Colonel Gordon, a Scottish officer, in the service of the Dutch, having long and successfully persevered in introducing Spanish sheep into South Africa before we conquered the colony.

Natal, was so designated by the Portuguese, when discovered on Christmas day, at the close of the fifteenth century. It was not settled until the Dutch bought the port from the natives in 1688. They abandoned their settlement in the same year; and it became much frequented by the buccaneers. The country was re-settled in 1824, by Lieut. Farewell, of the Royal

Navy, and a party from the Cape of Good Hope, with the approval of the governor; but the home authorities refused to adopt the acquisition. Some years later, upon the Cape emigrants seizing Natal, after sanguinary wars with the native tribes, our troops drove them out, and occupied the port. At length, in 1845, we colonized this district.

From its first discovery, numerous accounts have been published of its fertility; and they are confirmed by the best recent testimony. Its cotton is known at Manchester; and it grows most tropical productions without exposure to tropical diseases. The soil is uniformly moist, without danger of great floods.

Its general industrial resources are such, that the coloured natives willingly pay a poll-tax of more than £9000, or two shillings a-head per annum. Very large tracts of good land, also between Caffreland and Natal, have lately been annexed to the latter colony, under circumstances altogether free from objection in reference to native rights and interests. It is capable of attracting a vast trade from the interior, to which it is a more convenient key than the Cape, or even than Delagoa Bay.

Of *Caffreland*, now partially incorporated in the Cape colony by the annexation of Victoria, and more extensively seized by us, under the name of British Caffraria up to the river Kei, it is enough to say, that from 1797, when General Sir James Craig, the first governor of the Cape, sternly rebuked the colonists, who wanted him to seize the country for them, as a land 'most excellently adapted to pasturage and agriculture'—to the year 1851, when one of the oldest witnesses before the House of Commons Committee on the Caffre war, Major Bisset, declared Caffreland to be 'a garden'—there are volumes of proof, that the eager desire of our colonists, Dutch and English, to possess it, is much more natural than just. The rapid increase of its native people, and their great size, are well accounted for by the fertility of the soil, and the abundance of animal and vegetable food produced in it. Their hostility to us is perfectly intelligible, when our determined, although sometimes hesitating, conquests of their country during the last forty years are candidly considered.

The *Sovereignty*, lying between the Orange River, the Vaal River, to the south, west, and north, and the Tambookie and Natal mountains to the east, is a region second to none in fertility, mineral riches, and healthiness. Its eastern mountains are covered with snow many months in the year, and in summer they supply three large rivers, the Orange, the Caledon, and the Vaal, and their affluents; so that grass rarely fails on its plains. Hence, in droughts, the colonists have commonly

resorted thither with their flocks and herds for more than thirty years.

In 1848, Sir Harry Smith, after defeating a body of 1000 emigrants in a pitched battle, took possession of the Sovereignty; which was adopted by the crown, upon a meagre inquiry into our title by the privy council. In the present year, the inhabitants of the settlement have declared, in oppositon to the proposal of abandoning it: 'that more than £100,000 worth of British goods in a year are now carried to the Sovereignty, and beyond it into the interior; that the shipping in the Cape ports are supplied with beef from it; and that whilst four years ago, one person bought all its wool;—viz., 100 bales, the quantity of 1852 is 1500 bales, of 300 lbs. weight each.' This wool, they assert, has realized the highest price of the London market; and they add, 'that the quantity would be more than *doubled* in one year, if confidence were restored as to the permanent possession of the Sovereignty. Almost all the farmers are attending to sheep.'

This is a statement published in the local newspapers; and less interested witnesses, our own missionaries of various denominations, with the French missionaries, established in the heart of the country ever since 1830, are unanimous in their accounts of its fertility, of its mineral riches, and of its healthiness. The maps published by the French missionaries display a new African world of the deepest interest.

The *Sovereignty* is the connecting link between the old Cape colony and a vast interior, more and more populous, to the north. The districts occupied by the emigrants, dealt with by our government with such frightful indiscretion, instead of being at once conciliated with wisdom and liberality, and governed with courage, have peculiar characteristics. They are wine-growing countries. They are also unhealthy in some parts; of which fact disastrous details have been received of late. Beyond the emigrants, South Africa offers the most promising prospects. The Rev. Charles Livingston and two enterprising travellers have visited a great lake there, into which large rivers flow, through deep forests; and a numerous population inhabits their banks. He is again engaged in another journey in the same direction; and the 'Journal of the Geographical Society' of 1852 contains reports of other travels towards the Atlantic, full of interesting evidences of the fertility and populousness of the country, and filling up skilfully, with proper indications of localities, where common map-makers

——'on Afric's downs,
Plant elephants instead of towns.'

Mr. Cooley aptly calls his book on the subject 'Inner Africa Laid Open;' and a most curious proof it affords of what can be done by a sagacious and learned explorer in his closet in furtherance of geographical discovery. In the latter part of this work he has satisfactorily connected the south of the equator, eastward and westward, with the line beyond the Cape.

'The highly interesting and improved country thus brought to light,' says Mr. Cooley, 'will probably start into importance before long. The emigrant Boers are now located on the southern side, or right bank, of the Limpopo, or Manisa, while on the opposite bank spread the plains which absorb the last drainings of the Tobassi. As the Boers increase and become well acquainted with the country, they will not fail to exercise a stirring influence on the well-watered, well-timbered region towards the north-west. They will also discover before long that they are in the immediate vicinity of the gold mines to which Sofala owed its ancient celebrity. The river Manisa has been said to be navigable in large boats 160 miles, up to the falls; and above there, 120 miles in small boats. These distances are probably exaggerated.'—p. 140.

Mr. Cooley refers with just respect to the inquiries made by the Rev. John Campbell, more than thirty years ago, in his travels beyond Lattakoo into this interesting interior. Dr. Vander Kemp's correct appreciation of the eastern line of country to the Portuguese settlements, should not be forgotten; nor can we abstain from adding on this occasion a word of regret that the enterprize, so well conceived in principle, by the luckless Dr. Cowan, through the same region, forty years ago, should have ended so fatally to him and his companions.

Mr. Cooley's remark upon the *gold* region about to open upon the Boers, may, perhaps, attract notice. Of the existence of that region, and of its importance, there is no doubt; and at this moment, a negotiation is pending by English parties with the Portuguese, to whom it belongs, for the development of its resources.

And ministers have talked gravely of abandoning this land with its multitudinous interests, and of narrowing British connexion with Southern Africa, to the Cape harbours! Their profound ignorance of its capabilities for fine wool, for cattle, for various grains, for cotton, for tobacco, for sugar, and rich oils, is truly astonishing. That they should be cautious respecting the coal, the iron, the copper, the platina, and precious metals met with, even in the territories which Sir H. Smith and other governors have lately seized, is less surprising. Nevertheless, the proof is positive and clear, that the latter valuable products are abundant there; as the supplies of provisions to our shipping in the Cape harbours, and the imports derived

thence for our clothiers, establish, that the cattle and the sheep of the interior are of national importance. In regard to fine wool, not only is it important in the quantity exported, being more than five millions of pounds in 1851, but the rate of its increase is more rapid than elsewhere, on account of the multitude of inferior sheep in the country with which the fine sort can cross profitably. In the disturbance of the sheep-farming of Australia, in consequence of the gold discoveries, this resource in South Africa is of peculiar value to our manufacturers.

The growth of good cotton is actually begun in South-eastern Africa; and if the cheaper free labour of the western shores of that continent do not soon supersede the slave plantations in the swamps of the United States, the revolution preparing for those plantations will be hastened from British Natal. The President of the Chamber of Commerce at Manchester, Mr. Bazeley, has recognised the value of South Africa in this respect, blind as ministers are to the prospect.

Governor Cathcart, who threatened to withdraw the army from the eastern frontier, if the colonists would not help him in his expedition across the Kei, promises them, indeed, 'grants of *better land elsewhere*, where sheep and oxen can feed in security, or pecuniary compensation, far less expensive than a succession of Caffre wars.' This, the governor says, would provide amply and equitably for any claims to protection which arise out of the British government having encouraged the eastern settlements of the Cape thirty years ago;—as if there were no other alternative for the Cape frontier colonists but to fight the natives, or to emigrate *again*! The history of the Cape frontier has happily taught a better lesson. The very colonists to whom Governor Cathcart made his singular appeal could have told him that, in their early days, the government habitually ravaged Caffreland even more successfully than he has done, when the Breretons and Willshires would bring away '20,000' and '30,000' head of Caffre cattle at a time;—when the royal army under the royal commandant of the frontier, assisted by the colonists, could 'climb the stupendous Caffre mountains, pour into *Macomo's kraal*, with a rapidity that astonished the 'Caffres';—and 'when, as many Caffres being destroyed as would evince our superiority, the commandant of the frontier stopped the slaughter, and secured the captured cattle.' Such is the language of the government when announcing the success of our *army* and the colonists thirty years since.

But all the colonists of that day did not approve of those forays. A Commission of Inquiry was obtained to stop them and other abuses; and they were checked awhile. The result

was peace on the frontier. 'The insecurity and alarm arising from fruitless hostility with the neighbouring tribes of savages,' says a memorial from a body of the Caffre frontier settlers, dated a few months after the above-mentioned exploit, 'wholly disappeared from the moment that a more humane and conciliatory intercourse with these tribes was established.'

Upon this memorial a great consequence hangs. Colonists here insist upon the advantage of conciliating the Caffres, and upon the wisdom of a system of just intercourse which the Commission of Inquiry recommended. All was political, the philanthropists having no part in the matter; and if that just system had been persevered in, the philanthropists' strong appeal, made *ten* years afterwards, would not have been wanted. But the reports of the Commissioners of Inquiry soon became waste paper in the Colonial Office. 'The reams of paper' that, as Horace Walpole tells us, lay unopened in the office of the Duke of Newcastle when entrusted with the affairs of America, could be outweighed by those which have been written, equally in vain in our time, to the colonial secretaries.

In the judgment, then, of practical men, living in the face of the Caffres, it is neither necessary to exterminate these people, nor to abandon their neighbourhood. We may live well with them by being 'humane and conciliatory.' It is twenty-eight years ago since this respectable body of the Cape frontier settlers expressed this opinion formally to the governor of the colony, and in the intervening period there have been three great wars with the Caffres, inflicting an enormous amount of misery upon them and upon us; and costing to the home treasury and the colony not less than five millions sterling. These wars have been owing to our disregard of what was so plainly spoken.

Two hostile systems of policy have prevailed on the Cape frontier; the one is the system of territorial aggression and violence on our part; the other is the system of conciliation, and respect for the rights of the natives. The former prevailed, with occasional interruptions, up to 1835, when it led to the first of those three great wars, and to the conquest of Caffre land by Governor Sir Benjamin D'Urban, and Sir H. Smith. That conquest failed to subdue the Caffres, and the system was *abandoned in despair by its authors at the very moment that their exposure was prevented by a remarkable occurrence at home*. In England, the philanthropic party, led by Sir Thomas Buxton, had, in 1835, the warm support of many political and literary partizans of humane policy; with the unanimous concurrence of parliament. Public opinion was roused on the subject, and the government, yielding against its declared convictions, ordered their country to be restored to the Caffres. Treaties, which in

all ages, and in all regions, are valuable elements of civilization and peace, had long been made with that people. Even Sir B. D'Urban and Sir H. Smith made treaties, harsh enough, and unsuccessful too, with them in 1835. Yet, to have *advocated* in 1836, treaties of a humane, and conciliatory, and just character, *which were successful*, is absurdly imputed to the philanthropists as a weak novelty, and ruinous to the colonist by dealing with barbarous men like reasonable beings. Their good sense and right feelings were proved not less clearly by the dissatisfaction with the dangerous, forced obligations of their oppressors, D'Urban and Smith, than by their fidelity to the safe conditions offered by their friends, Stockenstrom and his supporters. The D'Urban and Smith treaties drove the Caffres to desperation in 1836, as similar oppressions at length roused them to resistance to the death in 1851. The Glenelg and Stockenstrom treaties made a peace of nine years on the Caffre frontier; and a far longer term of peace may be secured by reviving the system of conciliation notoriously advantageous to all parties in 1824 and 1836. It is true that in those nine years of peace, Caffre marauding was too common; but it is also true, that such marauding was sometimes absolutely extinguished—once for eight months together. To call the Caffres, then, a *nation* of cattle stealers, is as monstrous a libel as it would have been to say, at the height of our last wars, when some men made fortunes by privateering, that the English merchants are a body of privateering pirates. After that peace of nine years, in 1845, the very best authorities at the Cape, the legislature, under the well-reasoned and eloquent guidance of the secretary to the government, and of the Attorney General, gave a unanimous judgment, that the conciliatory system of 1836 was extraordinarily successful. Two Caffre wars have broken out since, but we began them both.

That of 1846 was made on grounds deplorably weak. After we had acted towards the Caffres with some oppression and much rashness, that war closed with extreme and undeserved severity towards the Caffre chiefs. The treatment of one of them, Macomo, by Sir Harry Smith, exceeded in ungenerous and cold-blooded insult anything known in the wars of civilized nations with barbarians. He was a captive, and the English general compelled him to crouch at his feet, and be literally trodden upon, in token of our superiority!

This crushed and ill-used man has since, as the leader of his people, held his oppressor at bay. He has seen that oppressor chased for his life, disguised, from one fort, and long shut up in another, helpless and almost hopeless, until recalled in disgrace from the scene of his *second failure*.

The Caffre chief whom Sir Harry Smith treated so unworthily is, indeed, a remarkable man. The eldest son, although not the heir, because not of the *royal* wife, of Gaika, our ally from 1798 to his decease not long ago, he has been an active party to every important occurrence between our frontier authorities and the *Gaiika* Caffres for thirty-five years. His conduct and his character have been scrutinized in that period by numerous observers: public officers, colonists, missionaries, and travellers. He has been variously judged. But when a committee of the House of Commons, in 1835, carefully examined the case of the Caffre frontier, the weight of testimony was decidedly in his favour. Colonel Cox, who had served at the Cape, declared that 'much might be made of him; he had been harshly treated.' Captain Aitchison said, 'he is the most daring of all the Caffres; a most excellent friend; a very dangerous enemy. He could rely on his word without hesitation.' Mr. Read, the younger, a missionary, said 'Macomo is a most intelligent and acute man; a man of great mind, and just.'

This last testimony is the more worthy of attention, inasmuch as the well-known good qualities of Mr. Read himself, may not have altogether suppressed in so young a man the somewhat hostile feelings of his mother's race against the Caffres. She was a pure Hottentot.

Macomo has been favourably judged also by a very different person, poor Tyrone Power, who was lost in the 'President.' Mr. Power was some time at the Cape, and knew Macomo in his mountain home; where the warm-hearted intelligent Irishman partook of his hospitality, and was protected in difficult circumstances by the injured border barbarian.

If the idolatrous devotedness of a man's family be a mark of his well-deserving, that test is not wanting here in the purest of all domestic ties, the young daughter's affection for a father. The affecting story of Macomo's child is told from personal knowledge by Mrs. Ward, the author of 'Jasper Lyle,' and the late Mr. Freeman has repeated it in his 'South African Travels.' The *Grecian daughter* is surpassed by the Caffre girl, as much as the polished Greek excels in manners the African barbarian, for whose freedom his poor Amakeya would, in the English camp, have made sacrifices far dearer to her than life itself.

A more distinguished Scottish woman, Lady Anne Barnard, the author of 'Auld Robin Gray,' has recorded as strong a testimony in favour of the Caffres. When an enterprising party of Cape Dutch colonists, in the last century, went through Caffreland to save the crew and passengers of the Grosvenor

Indiaman, wrecked in Natal, they were at first vehemently opposed by the natives. It being however explained, that the expedition had so humane an object, it was as zealously favoured by the discriminating barbarians.

Lady Anne Barnard resided seven years at the Cape; and attentively studied the character of the numerous varieties of man to be met with there. Her journal contains valuable additions to our stores of ethnography. Travelling into the interior under favourable circumstances for observation, she does justice to all classes. One of her party, then young, and honourably laying the foundation of his eminent success,—the late Sir John Barrow—she cleverly hits off as ‘the man of maps and charts,’ whose merits were already appreciated. In the curious story of the leader of the rescuers of the Grosvenor’s crew, Mr. Van Reenen, she presents the Cape boer in his best qualities, not enough respected by us, when justly curbing his oppression of the natives. Of the Hottentots, Lady Anne Barnard gives a correct estimate; and she was one of the first to testify to the inestimable services of their friends, the missionaries.*

There are better things to do in our intercourse with the aborigines of South Africa, than to harass them out of their homes and to traduce their natures, in order to justify our cupidity. The Attorney-General of the Cape, in reference to the certain consequences of that cupidity, made the following observations, which cannot be too carefully noted:

‘What,’ said Mr. Porter, ‘brought on the war of 1834? Was it not a question about territory? In 1829, Macomo was expelled from the Kat river. *More lately, other expulsions took place in the same neighbourhood,* and I have what I deem the best authority for thinking that these transactions, though they might not justify, certainly produced, the war of 1834. Have the Caffres lost what uncivilized man loses last—the love of their land?

‘The extension of the colony on the Eastern frontier is a cherished notion. But let those who cherish it, reflect—whether, beyond the Keiskamma or the Kye, we should not find plunderers still ready to create, by depredation, the assumed necessity of another movement.’†

With the provocation to which the Caffres have been exposed, it is not surprising that men, like Macomo, of heroic courage and affectionate natures, and beloved by their people, should resist our domination. But there is another class of Africans whom no provocation can drive into war with us, and whose great merits are not enough appreciated. Of these, the

* ‘Lives of the Lindsays,’ vol. iii. p. 371.

† Cape Correspondence, House of Commons Papers, 1847, p. 18.

most remarkable is Moshesh, the principal chief of the Basutus, our neighbours on the northern frontier, beyond the Caffres. During more than twenty years, he has protected a valuable body of French missionaries settled among his people; and by his daily more intimate intercourse with them and with the colonists, he has greatly increased his property, and advanced in civilization. The insurgent Caffres took great pains to secure his co-operation in the present war, but in vain. The deepest injuries inflicted on him by Sir Harry Smith, did not shake his determination to be at peace with the English; and when, in the madness of our late proceedings, our troops attacked him, he even resisted the temptation to easy revenge offered by our ignominious defeat, and refused to follow up his success by continuing the conflict. His predecessor, Motlume, was a still more extraordinary man, whose eminent qualities would not be credited, if the accounts we have of them were not written in the fullest detail by those who have the best means of knowing the truth, and who have published these accounts, at a time when, if fictitious or exaggerated, they may be easily exposed.

‘Motlume,’ it is stated in the narrative of the French missionaries, Arbousset and Daumas, ‘loved his people indiscriminately, they say, and he judged them by the rules of equity. He was gentle and easy of access. He took particular care of widows and orphans. These he collected about him, and treated like his children. He preferred the society of children to the society of men; saying, “the little ones are better than their elders.” He passed his life in going about to do good. In the villages he visited he settled differences, and recommended his neighbours to love peace; a subject on which he would say with glee: *It pays better to fight the corn, than to whet the spear.* Several of his maxims are still preserved among his people, such as the following:—*There is in heaven a powerful being who hath created all things. Do you ever see anything create itself? Conscience is the faithful monitor of man; she invariably shows him what is his duty. If he does well, she smiles upon him. If he does evil, she torments him.* Motlume believed in the immortality of the soul. He said often: “Oh! the vanity of everything. Everything passes swiftly; and I also, I pass away, but it is to go to rejoin my ancestors.”

‘His life,’ continue the French missionaries, ‘illustrates what Paul says to the Romans: “When the Gentiles which have not the law do by nature the things contained in the law, those having not the law are a law unto themselves.”

‘It seemed as if God, in mercy to pagan nations, raised up in the midst of them from time to time, such lights as he, for the sake of natural law, and, consequently, for the benefit of those whom it is designed to enlighten and to rule.’

There is another purpose to which Providence must have destined such men. They are capable of appreciating all that is good in civilization; and will gladly themselves acquire its best means and results, and help to spread its blessings among their people. But, on our part, we are bound to respect them, and to aid them in doing this good work, instead of impeding it by our cupidity, and our ignorant carelessness. Among the books, the titles of which are prefixed to this article, is 'The Tribute to a Negro,' by Mr. Armistead, of Manchester. The author of this interesting *biography* does ample justice to the Hottentot and the Caffre. It is a fine specimen of our provincial press; and it is to be hoped that future editions, in a popular form, will bring it largely within the reach of our colonists. It is an African 'Plutarch,' written upon the best principles.

The present war, which has spread its evils far beyond the Caffre frontier, took the Cape and the home government by surprise, but not without warning. Many months before the war, both governments received from the ablest man in South Africa, Sir Andries Stockenstrom, the clearest possible denunciation of the system that was driving Caffres and Hottentots mad under intolerable oppression. Instead of appreciating his earnest appeal, Earl Grey querulously condemned it as an 'improper letter;'* neglected its grave statements, and flattered the governor, whom it convicted of the most serious faults.

In one word, we are discouraging colonization in the glorious region of South Africa instead of encouraging colonial enterprize, as the constitution enjoins; and we are inflicting enormous sufferings on the aborigines of that country when the same constitution requires that they should be respected and improved,—only because our secretaries of state persist in their ignorance of what it most becomes them to know respecting these injured aborigines and their country; whilst parliament leaves colonial things now, as it did a century ago, recklessly to ignorant colonial secretaries and their clerks.

The remedies for the disasters of our rule in South Africa are obvious, without either abandoning the country in despair and shame, or perpetuating wars. We must learn the *truth* respecting its affairs, and its people—white or black; and we must repeat measures already proved to be effectual for the extension of our colonies in harmony with the black people, and aim at their gradual amalgamation with us. An immediate step to the accomplishment of both points will be the summoning of South Africans to the House of Commons. Sir Andries

* Cape Correspondence, House of Commons Papers, 1851, pp. 18 and 134.

Stockenstrom will be the first sent, to scatter to the winds the unworthy notions now common, that tens of thousands of the colonists must necessarily be left to wander over the interior, severed from their ancient connexions, or that perpetually recurring wars are inevitable conditions to the near neighbourhood of Caffres and colonists.

Without waiting for the mission of colonial members of parliament, it will be a certain remedy for existing evils in South Africa, to send out a real, not a sham, commission of conciliation; and to revive at once the parliamentary Caffre Committee which last year left its task of inquiry half done, and then in the consciousness of the insufficient information before it, reported that imperfect evidence without a word of comment, although the express object of its appointment was stated to be, to give a parliamentary opinion upon the question of the Caffre war.

A new parliament could not do a better act than to settle at once South African questions deeply involving the public interests and honour. Ample materials are at our command in London for this purpose; and if put off, a region larger than half Europe will be exposed to renewed disasters and interminable calamity.

With this fine country, abounding in the material elements of social prosperity, and thronged with aboriginal races, not meanly qualified for all social duties,—races well entitled to share the sympathies so long lavished by England upon Africans,—the best that the government does is, to carry on needless wars with the one, and to threaten to abandon the other as an unprofitable waste. This comes of persevering in a system of administration in which it is made no part of the ministers' business to acquire a knowledge of facts, or to form a correct appreciation of the best means at our command for securing a safe and honest colonial progress. Hence, in their want of counsel, they are the sport of the wildest schemes. Colt's revolvers are to become the defence of our frontiers; and Captain Warner does not hold it to be ridiculous to invite a committee of ex-governors of the Cape of Good Hope to recommend his long range to the crown for use in the Cape colony.*

Sir De Lacy Evans is not only satisfied with the late treaty, stipulating the independence of a large body of British colonists, and handing over the tribes of the interior to the tender mercies of the Africander Pretorius, but he has actually declared in the House of Commons his 'hope that similar

* Captain Warner's Letter in the 'Times,' 20th September, 1852.

arrangements would be made with the other inhabitants of those remote territories.*

Even Mr. Adderley, after having nobly helped the Cape colonists to defeat the scheme of dishonouring South Africa with convicts, would withdraw our troops and let the colonists manage the border Caffres in the gentle way in which he thinks the Cape emigrants are dealing with the tribes of the interior!

Sir John Pakington did not adopt all these plans, and certainly had no intention to abandon the South African interior.

He believed 'the Caffre war to be *wearing itself out*,' forgetting that the British statesman should make peace, not let wars drag on; and that, on this very Caffre frontier, peace was once secured by conciliation, when the same system of coercion, which has had the present fatal result, did, in the same hands of Sir Harry Smith and his patron Sir Benjamin D'Urban, sixteen years ago, produce one war and threaten another.

With a supplemental Blue Book to give the truth in genuine documents, now shamefully garbled, or ill printed, or omitted in the present parliamentary papers on the Caffre frontier and on the Cape emigrants, the lesson of peace may be easily learned to the honour of England and the good of Africa. We must learn and act on that lesson where we are masters, or the sympathy expressed by our millions on behalf of the African race in America will expose us to bitter taunts, as being eager to lay down a rule of justice to our brother whilst grossly infringing it in our own case.

Vast interests and the best feelings are involved in this matter. The genius of an American woman, sprung from a British stock, has sent forth a cry on behalf of the negro slave, that finds a response among us in every hamlet. The women of England are eager to return a strong expression of their sympathy in this righteous cause. But it is not the African *slave* alone who is to be cared for. Multitudes of free men, and free women, and free children of Africa, with no other crime than their colour, are at this moment suffering enormous wrong at our hands. It is excellent to interpose by opinions, between our brethren, the white Americans, and our fellow men, their slaves. Still, if the Shaftesburys, and Buxtons, the Sturges, and Alexanders stop there, and make no appeal on behalf of the Hottentot, the Caffre, the Basutu, and the Bechuan, they will deserve reproof from across the Atlantic.

Besides, by neglecting what is due to humanity in this case

* House of Commons, 12th November, 1852.

of the Cape frontier, we are training our colonists to become exterminators, and so are laying the foundation of a series of massacres, of which the end cannot be guessed. Possibly the millions of Africans, upon whom we are fast advancing in this aggressive spirit, will, when helped by climate, and provided—as they are daily better provided—with fire-arms from both oceans, will yet revenge upon our scattered people the terrible injuries done and doing to their race.

And these evils are perfectly gratuitous. The history of South Africa has fitter antecedents than senseless Caffre wars. Forty years ago, a piteous and true tale from the Cape, told in a religious magazine, roused instant attention in London, and led to a measure which helped to civilize the Hottentots. Fifteen years later, a motion in the House of Commons sent a commission of inquiry to South Africa, which opened conciliatory intercourse with the Caffres, to the great advantage of the colonists. Ten years afterwards, Lord Derby, then in the Colonial Office, was impressed by appeals further to improve our frontier policy. The conciliatory treaties of 1836, backed by a parliamentary inquiry of three sessions followed, and produced a long peace, with at times a total cessation of border plundering, and a sensible diminishing of all violences.

These good acts were subverted by the neglect of the philanthropists, and by the apathy of the government, whence the hideous ruin in Caffreland now before the world! And a committee of the House of Commons, expressly appointed to examine the subject, almost reported in favour of an exterminating war!

The main cause of such disasters is ignorance of facts, ending in the reiterated disregard of wise conciliation, and in a foolish resort to coercion on our frontiers.

The effect of this upon the colonists may be inferred from late accounts.

‘Humanity,’ says a Cape correspondent, whose letter is dated the 24th September, 1852; ‘humanity can no longer blind the truth, which every-day occurrences more prominently exhibit, that extermination is progressing slowly but surely. This is not the design of a kind Providence. Black men are not destined to disappear like the wild beasts, before civilization. Yet that is often asserted here; and I firmly believe nothing will be left undone in this colony that may be thought capable of realizing the murderous aim of those who hold this opinion. The party who argues so, attacked the native location in Graham’s Town, hunted it down, and threatened the life of the missionary Smith, for remonstrating against the outrages. The military slaughter now perpetrating is frightful.

‘When such acts are winked at by the authorities, we hold our pens

in vain for the defence of innocence and truth here. What will next be presented in the tragedy we shall be called to witness?

The tragedy has been acted by Governor Cathcart in exterminating the Caffres. Not content with destroying their habitations and their provisions, and killing the 'panic-struck' people, we are hanging up the prisoners in cold blood. This monstrous fact is stated, without any qualification, in the local newspapers, although cautiously suppressed in the official accounts.

Whilst our army is thus occupied on the Caffre frontier, British subjects of a different class—so contagious is the bad example—are massacring and plundering whole tribes in another quarter of South Africa; *and the emigrants are slaughtering others near us.*

So much for the prospects of the cause of *humanity* in British South Africa, under the auspices of ministers, old and new, with the blind acquiescence of parliament, and silence of the public.

What is to be looked for as to the interests of the *colonists*, may be inferred from a similar communication upon the intrigues which stand in the way of the constitution so long promised for the Cape:—

'The protection of England will be wanted here by all parties for a century,' says the ablest of Cape politicians; 'but I warn you, in spite of official and non-official flummery, that all is chaos and discontent in South Africa. A wise constitution may yet unite us in one mass. If a nominated upper council be appointed for us, it will expedite a republic, by provoking the annexation of the south to the *north* (the now *independent* emigrants beyond the Vaal river), instead of paving the way for the peaceful annexation of the north to the south, which every friend of civilization and humanity prays for. There can be no security against the recurrence of hostilities on a large scale, except in the admission of the people to a *DUE* share in the administration of their own affairs.'—'South African Commercial Advertiser,' October 9, 1852.

The delay of a good constitution to the colonists, and the refusal of common humanity to the natives; the rejection of prudent colonization for the interior, and at the same time the recognition of the independence of the Cape emigrants under conditions of unexampled imprudence; are all in keeping with too many chapters of our colonial history. The ministers who have the most thwarted good colonial government and enterprise have usually done the most injustice to the aborigines—the one thing needed now is a combination of wise measures to unite colonial and aboriginal interests,—for the former, a free constitution, for the latter, conciliation, under the protection

of parliament, to which representatives must be sent from all our possessions beyond seas. Above all, as the case of South Africa shows, immediate means must be taken to secure to ministers, to parliament, and to the public, early and correct information upon all material affairs affecting our colonial interests.

For want of this light, the grossest mistakes are urged in support of the foulest policy. In the letter to Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Hill asserts, as undisputed, that by seizing their country, Sir B. D'Urban and Sir H. Smith quieted the Caffres; and therefore, for future quiet, we must again seize Caffreland. Now their failure was long denied; but all doubt upon it ceased, when the Colonial office, in 1851, published papers which should have been produced twelve years before. They show that an expected rising of the Caffres overthrew the coercive system before the orders to restore Caffreland reached the Cape. Indeed, Mr. Hill quite mistakes the subject; and a volume might be made of errors like his.

The sole remedy is, to secure the regular spread of correct intelligence; and that remedy may soon be realized by the promised reform of the public offices. Mr. Disraeli, in making this promise, said truly, that the *permanent* heads of these offices, with more knowledge than ministers, resist, from prejudice, the improvements required by the times. In spite of those standing chiefs, the Derby government resolved on *administrative reform*; and the urgent need of it is strongly attested by the case of the Caffre frontier. In 1836, *parliament* approved of the conciliatory system on that frontier. *Ministers* of all parties adhered to conciliation till 1846, leaving to the permanent Under Secretary for the Colonies the official details, whose early publication would prevent war by sustaining the motives for peace. But during those ten years, such details were kept from the cognizance of parliament,—a neglect that the promised reform will stop.

The advocacy of that reform brings Mr. Disraeli's 'financial statement' into creditable comparison with the economical reform of Edmund Burke; and if the principles which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has here enunciated be fairly carried out, still better measures may be realized. The Statute Book,* the Rolls and the Journals of Parliament,†

* See 12 Rec. 2, c. 13, the execution of which, Sir E. Coke said, would win a golden statue for a minister. It enjoins appointments to office for merit, not favour.

† Mr. Secretary Vernon's letters from 1697 to 1707 treat carefully of the administrative reform bills of his time.

with the Register of the Privy Council,* contain valuable matter on this topic.

In Mr. Disraeli's last story, 'Contarini Fleming,' he shows that he is not unobservant of the new career opening to us in colonization. He is right in not being satisfied with the 'system we have hitherto pursued to attain a knowledge of man—the Esquimaux who tracks his way over polar snows—the Negro of the Gold Coast.' This book is a lively portraiture of his own early wanderings in many lands, barbarous and civilized. It bears marks of youthfulness in its theory of man; but Mr. Disraeli is still a student; and in the results of his 'administrative reform,'—whether as minister or a member of parliament—as it bears on all our enterprizes beyond sea, he will find a better solution for the difficulties that beset man's path than his own crude, and not new speculations upon national 'idiosyncrasies.' That reform comes late; but it will compensate whole communities, and many individuals long the victims of mal-administration, and bring blessings upon all, for which even a little more delay may be borne without repining. The publication of many new books on the Cape is a good sign of what may be coming for this colony; and a motion by Mr. Adderley on the state of South Africa, must rouse parliament to a sense of its duty on the whole subject.

ART. V.—*Solván; or, Waters of Comfort.* By Ibn Zafer, a Sicilian Arab of the Twelfth Century. From the Original Manuscript, by Michele Amari; and rendered into English by the Translator of 'The Sicilian Vespers.' Two Volumes. London: Bentley.

EMINENTLY distinguished as the writer of this work was in Arabic literature, in a distant age, we presume that neither his name, nor his productions, are familiar to the great proportion of our readers. Before remarking, therefore, on the publication itself, which we have read with much interest, we shall furnish a brief account of the author.

Ibn Zafer was born in Sicily, though that country is denied to have been his birthplace by the authors of the 'Modern Universal History.' The insufficiency of their reasons, however, is shown by Amari. From Sicily he passed over into Africa, with many other Mussulmen, who emigrated thither to avoid subjection to a Christian rule. It is thought probable

* This record must be well searched before the details of administrative reform be settled.

that he fought on the coast of Africa against his Christian foes, and was either taken prisoner to Sicily, or fled from the horrors of famine, which at this period ravaged Africa; thence he proceeded for a short time to Egypt, and afterwards sought an asylum under the protection of the celebrated Prince Mahmûd Ibn Zengui, surnamed Nur-Eddin, who was famous in the history of the Crusades. Soon, however, in consequence of some intermeddling in political affairs, he quitted Syria, and returned to Sicily. He lived in toil and indigence till 1170 or 1172. Soon after the publication of the 'Solwân' he quitted Sicily. Penniless and wandering, he returned once more to Egypt, and went to Hamah, where he was well received, had a pension conferred upon him, and composed several works. His pension, however, was very small, and, being unable to maintain his daughter, he committed a great sin in the eyes of a Mussulman, by consenting to her marriage with a man in an inferior station. This man took her to another country, and there sold her as a slave, an event which was supposed to have inflicted a death-blow on poor Zafer, who died at Hamah. He was short of stature, misshapen, and ill-favoured, but possessed a philosophical mind, vigorous imagination, and sound learning. All the Arab critics celebrate his talents. Imad-Eddin describes him as 'the Imaum of his age' for his learning and ability in the interpretation of the Koran; a mighty genius, who far exceeded his contemporaries in the study of the (moral) sciences; the author of many beautiful compositions and compilations, so that those who sought to slake their thirst at the spring (of his wisdom) could no longer withdraw themselves from it. When I beheld him (continues Imad-Eddin) in the academic contests at Hamah, the lovers of learning hung in amazement upon his words.' Allowance is doubtless to be made in reading this description for the warmth of friendship, and the natural exaggerations of an oriental taste; but united testimony of a similar nature assures us that the writer in question was distinguished by very high qualifications and attainments.

The works of Ibn Zafer are enumerated by himself, and amount to thirty-two, of which four only exist in Europe. The first of these is the 'Khair-el-bishar.' It is a collection of predictions concerning the prophetic mission of Mohamed, and consists of 184 pages in quarto. The only perfect copy is in Paris. Much learning is displayed in frequent references both to the Old and New Testaments, in explanation of Mohamed interpretations. The second is the 'Anbâ Najabâ 'l'Ebnâ,' of which there are two manuscripts in Paris. The object of the book is, as the author states, to encourage youth by the contemplation of noble examples, and to stimulate their intellectual

powers. Various instances of precocious genius are here recorded, and considerable light is afforded to those who would ascertain the history and philosophy of the Arabs. The third is the 'Dorer-el-Ghorer,' which is, in fact, chiefly an abstract of the Anbâ. The fourth is the work before us, 'The Solwân,' by which the author obtained great celebrity; because, deviating from the usual course of writers of the middle ages, he engrafted a foreign branch of instruction upon the original stock of Arabic literature. He points out, under five divisions, the conduct which ought to be pursued by sovereigns in the changes incident to their position, namely, to trust in God, or to pursue a cause with resolute determination, if it be just, and to abandon it if it be unjust—to maintain fortitude amidst the tempests that overtake them—to manifest a spirit of perseverance—to submit to the will of God, if the issue be unfortunate—to consider the vanity of earthly power, and, if it prove too heavy a burden, calmly to lay it aside.

Commencing with precepts from the Koran and the maxims of other writers, he illustrates their application by relating real or supposed events, and thus makes, by an admixture of truth and fiction, an instructive historical romance. To each series a philosophic abstract is prefixed, containing much valuable matter. Among his various quotations and abstracts, he distinguishes his original thoughts by prefixing the words, 'the author of the book says,' which, simple as they are, in their frequent repetition, throw over the composition a certain charm of novelty and interest. Political and moral reflections abound, and pointed allusions to the violent struggles of the times. He supports the notion of an absolute and unlimited authority in the ruler, because he pictures to himself a prince in all respects perfect, and who, if such an one could be found, must wield the sceptre of a moral despotism over mankind; but it would be despotism without oppression, and law with the attributes of mercy, justice, and grace. Such an one would be, as Zafer says, 'more singular than the griffin, more marvellous than alchemy, and rarer than red gold.' The style of the whole composition is characteristically oriental; flowing, illustrative, and sagacious. The preface to the first edition is both curious and beautiful.

The author states that he had been requested by a king of great worth and power, to write a book of philosophy for his comfort in circumstances of trouble, and with much simplicity and candour intimates, that, believing it would have the greater weight, he wrote it in imitation of the style of 'Calila and Dimna.' 'I therefore proceeded to select,' he says, 'from among the best and rarest of the writings of the Arabs on the

subject of moral philosophy, some narratives concerning the commanders of the Faithful, and other yet more ancient monarchs. I polished up the rough gold of these narratives, using my utmost diligence to make their meaning plain. I inserted here and there, as in a nest, philosophical maxims ; and I have united with them certain fabulous personages, into whom I have breathed the breath of those lofty spirits, robed their persons in the mantle of regal bearing, bound their temples with the garland of lofty thoughts, and suspended from their shoulders the sword of Arabian or foreign dominion. I have opened every chapter with a few verses from the Koran, and some traditions of the elect prophet Mahomet, whom may God bless with praise and worship ; and, lastly, I have placed in it gardens for the delight of the heart and ears, and weapons for combat against faults of habit or of character.'

Of course it will be seen that the reader must make allowances for the Mohammedanism of the author ; our chief business is with the literary and philosophical character of the production, and with the degree of moral truth and just estimation of men and things which break through the distortions of a false faith. How strikingly are we reminded in every page of the very best compositions, ancient or modern, which are destitute of the infusions of a genuine Christianity, of the essential inferiority of all the streams of human knowledge and sagacity, though even clear as Socrates, or refined as Plato, that do not flow from the fountain of divine wisdom and inspiration ? In works of this kind, however, we do not look in vain for a deep insight into human nature, and a beautiful mode of decorating the thoughts that spring up in the wide field of observation ; while we perceive that the light of Scripture is requisite to guide the researches of philosophy.

In order that the reader may form a just conception of this work, we cite from the proverbial philosophy the following story ; not because it is the best, but because, though somewhat long for insertion, it is nevertheless comparatively short, amusing, and very illustrative of the general character of this curious piece of Orientalism :—

The Two Viziers.

'It is related that a certain king had two viziers, both of them honest and faithful ; one of whom, a devout man, was used to exercise himself in works of benevolence, in the practices of piety, and in abstinence from many of the unbridled desires of the flesh. These two viziers were scarcely ever agreed, so that the king being much annoyed by their differences, saw himself compelled to dismiss one of them ; and in order to determine which it should be, he devised the following

expedient. Having found a house in which was a hiding-place that could not be detected, he commanded one of his most trusty servants to conceal himself in it; and having informed him that he was about there to imprison the two viziers, bade him give good heed to all their words and actions. He then had the two viziers suddenly seized, and conducted to that house, of which he caused the door to be walled up, leaving only a little window through which food and drink could be supplied to the prisoners. The first day passed without either of them having uttered a syllable to the other. But, in the evening, the least devout of the two asked his companion: "How do you feel?" And the devout one replied: "I have confidence in destiny, and commit myself into the hands of Him who fore-ordains all things, whose holy name be praised." "I, on the contrary," resumed the first speaker, "feel my blood boil within me, and cannot rest in peace. For what cause, think you, has this misfortune befallen us?" "I have reviewed the whole of my conduct," answered the devout vizier; "and I cannot see that I have fallen into any error as regards the king, which could have displeased him. As regards the army and the people, I have committed two kinds of injustice; that is, I have always defended the people against the soldiers, and I have also made every exertion to satisfy the latter. Lastly, I find my sins against God to be innumerable, although I have never failed to examine my conscience daily, both morning and night, and then to repent me of my faults, implore the forgiveness of God, and make every effort in my power to expiate them. It appears to me, therefore, that I am now enduring the punishment of my sins against the Lord my God." "And I, on the other hand," replied his companion, "believe that I have been calumniated by such a one from envy of my influence with the king. What think you?" "I think," replied the devout vizier, "that both you and I ought to strive after resignation to God's ordinances, and confidence in his good pleasure; for this our calamity is a mystery, which if our intellect seeks to penetrate, it will only grope in darkness, and will never succeed in doing so." "Nonsense," responded the other; "many better plans than that have occurred to me, but the only one which suits me is to write to the king, offering to give up to him all my substance, on condition that I am set at liberty, so that I may remain undisturbed in my own house to worship the Lord my God." "That would be a very undesirable expedient," replied the devout vizier, "for it would give rise to many suspicions—it would open the path of injustice before the king, and would be to despair of the grace of God."

'They spoke no more that night; and on the morrow a single loaf was brought to them. "Eat," said the devout vizier to his companion. "Not I," replied he; "I am afraid of being poisoned." "And I," said the other, "will take my share, and commit myself to God." Then taking one half of the loaf, and beginning to eat, what should he find in it but a magnificent ruby! The second night passed, and at day-break a loaf was again brought to them, of which the devout vizier took the half and found in it another gem; and on the

third day, the same thing happened. The king then released them from prison, and his servant informed him of all that had passed; upon which he sent for the viziers, and questioned them closely as to their words and actions in the prison. They both told him the truth; and the devout one, producing the gems, added: "I found these in my food, but it is not right that I should appropriate another's share." "By my faith," replied the prince, "it is God who has deprived him of them, and has provided them for you as a reward of your trust in Him. These gems alone were in the loaves, and I merely wished to ascertain, by experiment, what each of you would do when his own interests were at stake. I have thus discovered that your companion is possessed by devils, and infested with evil thoughts concerning his Maker, against whom he rebels; while he suspects me of a design to tyrannize over him, to despoil him of his substance, and to poison him. You, on the other hand, speedily resigned yourself, without striving to discover what steps could be taken in a case of which you neither knew the cause nor the true circumstances; thus, you surrendered yourself into the hands of God, and in all your conjectures never sought to blame any one but yourself. I perceive that the Lord has chosen you to be our support, and has pointed you out as the only one worthy to fill our place, and to enjoy our favour. Give thanks to Him, who has been your guide, trust Him more and more in the season of calamity, and commit yourself into His hands in the doubtful events of life."

'Thus the king took him to be his only vizier, and sent away the other in dismal plight.'—Vol. i. pp. 183—187.

ART. VI.—*Discorso dell' Avvocato Odoardo Maggiorani in difesa dei Coniugi Francesco e Rosa Madiai, imputati d'empietà per titolo di proselitismo, e pronunziato davanti la Corte Regia di Firenze il dì 7 Giugno 1852.* (Speech of Counsellor Maggiorani before the Royal Court at Florence on the 7th of June, 1852, for the defence of Francesco Madiai and his Wife, Rosa, accused of Impiety in the way of Proselytism.) Florence: 1852.

IN reviewing the general state of religious toleration, or rather intolerance, in Southern Europe, were we to state that there exists an amount of venomous persecution savouring of the Inquisition, without its mortal terrors, and of the old Roman hunts after Christians, though without the final combats of the Circus; that men of the highest rank can be banished from their country for no greater crime than that of meeting together for the purpose solely of prayer and meditation on the Scriptures; that the privacy of the domestic hearth is invaded with

no other motive than a search for Bibles; that so great is the dread of being found in possession of a copy of that holy book, that it is upon the first alarm either thrown out of the window or concealed by timid women through the strangest arrangements* of the female toilet; that a grave point in the testimony against an accused has been known to be 'she had been *reported* to have said grace before dinner,'† such assertions would, we feel sure, in the first instance, have been met with a feeling of the strongest incredulity. If we added that such proceedings could take place in Tuscany, so lately the mildest and most liberal of Italian governments, surprise and incredulity would be at their height. We have, therefore, thought it worth while to allude in detail to a trial which has already excited much attention in England—that of the Madiai; availing ourselves of the bold and talented speech of their defender, the Advocate Maggiorani. It may heighten our interest to know that a large portion of the lives of the unfortunate accused has been passed in the service of English families and in the care of English children. Nor must it be supposed that this trial is other than one instance of a long series, the result of a well-defined policy. So lately as 1850 the number of educated Florentines who assembled each Sunday to take part in the reformed worship carried on at the Swiss church under the protection of the King of Prussia, began to create the alarm of the Tuscan authorities. They at first made an ineffectual attempt to construe this into an infraction of the law or of the police regulations. The boldness, however, with which this attempt was met by those against whom it was directed, suggested the necessity of some other device; and immediate notice was given to the churches of both the Protestant communions (the Prussians and the English), that if Tuscan subjects were permitted to attend, the services would be stopped altogether; and, moreover, four hundred mandates from the police were issued to that number of individuals, to say that if found in attendance at such places they would be proceeded against for an infraction of a police regulation, which was now promulgated with this special object. Who can suppose that a triumph thus postponed and thus achieved would satisfy a disappointed priesthood, alarmed at the gradual entrance of light

* On the morning after an ineffectual search of this kind, on the part of the police, a young Italian girl whispered to a friend, who called to congratulate and caution her: 'Fear not; on the first alarm, I wound up two Testaments on the top of my head in my long tresses, and there they still are!'

† 'Enrico Materassi ha sentito dire dalla Marsini che prima di pranzo i Madiai recitavano un orazione.' (Henry Materassi had heard Marsini say that the Madiai recited a prayer before sitting down to dinner.)

through the loopholes which they had but temporarily closed up? The noble spirits that had resisted their oppressors and denied the right to forbid their attendance in any authorized place of worship (among whom it would be affectation to conceal the well-known name of the Count Guicciardini) were marked for vengeance, not the less sure because slow and cautious. Spy after spy dogged each step of him who, high in rank, and fearless of consequences, was determined to act upon his own convictions. At length the net was securely spread, its intended victims were encompassed, and in a private house of one of the delinquents, a harmless but earnest band of Protestant Christians, who had just finished the perusal of a chapter of St. John's Gospel, were startled by the loud knock on the door of a band of seventeen policemen, all armed with pistols, in addition to their usual weapons, who proceeded to search the house and the persons of all there assembled, seized their Bibles, and then, without any opportunity of communication with their families hurried them all off to prison. To propose a trial under such circumstances, where toleration of all religions is the law of the land, would have been to ensure defeat, or to strain the law beyond even the extreme point of Tuscan daring. It was, however, unnecessary, and by the mere operation of the powers of the police, as established by special decree of the 25th April, 1850, sentence of banishment for six months was pronounced against the principal actors in this so-called impiety. Some have already returned to their families; but one of the highest in rank still lingers in a happier country, where liberty of conscience exists not in name merely.

That a system which cannot defend itself by argument or reason should resort to force and oppression, that in the face of imminent danger it should cast aside all the restraints of prudence, and that it should bend its most powerful energies against those foremost in rank and intelligence, was perhaps to be expected. But that it should direct the terrors of a state prosecution against a poor lodging-house keeper, enfeebled in strength by the most trying of bodily maladies, and against her husband, a man of humble station, the greater part of whose time is passed in foreign lands, in the pursuit of a laborious avocation, can induce nothing but the deepest scorn and indignation. And yet it was upon these devoted heads that the next burst of priestly indignation was to fall.

Francesco Madiati, the first of these formidable enemies and subverters of the religion by law established, was but a courier born among the hills of Casentino, where his father and brother are still labourers, and the greater part of his time has been passed in journeys through Europe and America. Rosa Pulini,

born at Rome, became early in life a nurse in English, Belgian, and German families. More than twenty years of this time she passed in London. She at length returned to Italy, where she met and married Francesco Madiari, whom she had known before. A painful affection of the spine rendered her unable again to go into service, so, joining their small savings together, she and her husband took a furnished house in Florence, with the view of letting it—more particularly to those with whom she had passed so much of her life—the English. Whether it were the painful and lingering illness she laboured under, or the recollection of all that she had witnessed in England, contrasted with what now met her eyes, or these two causes combined, that awakened her religious convictions, it is unnecessary to inquire, but it is confessed that she now embraced Protestant views (or, as they are termed in the trial, ‘*la confessione Evangelica*’), though she did not openly profess them until, in the gleam of religious liberty afforded by the constitution of the 15th of February, 1848,—‘*tutti i culti esistenti non solo furono tollerati ma permessi tra noi.*’ Her husband joined in this public profession of faith; but with respect to him, it is remarkable that no single act bearing in the most remote degree upon the charges of proselytism or ‘*empietà pubblica*’ (public impiety), is to be gathered from the whole amount of gossip, tittle-tattle, and hearsay evidence that is brought against them, except it be that of joining (in the presence of their servants) in the ‘*grace before meat*’ already alluded to!

Upon the combined causes of their change to Protestantism, the suggestions of their advocate may be well quoted, as an interesting testimony to the English religious character, and a favourable specimen of his style.

‘But it seems they have abandoned the religion in which they were baptized. They have confessed to belong to the Evangelical communion. Such is the cry of the prosecution, and from thence would they have you infer that they must be guilty of proselytism.

‘That the Madiari have professed the Evangelical creed, though born within the pale of the Romish Church, ought to excite no surprise, nor can you from thence draw the inference that they were proselytes. What wonder, I say, when we consider the length of their stay in the midst of the Protestant communion? Passing all their time in America, in England, in Prussia, away from parents, brothers, and family; no establishment or house of their own, nothing in the way of example or habit to keep alight the torch of their own religion. Then they lived in the bosom of Protestant families, sharing their sorrows and their joys, and even instructing—for such was their duty—the children in the English religion. Constantly must they have listened to its catechism, and witnessed its religious services. They had the best opportunities of joining in the Protestant worship; much

less favourable ones of joining in that of the Catholics; I say, merely *less* favourable, because religious intolerance, at least, is not one of the sins of that great nation; but still their attendance at mass would often be incompatible with their duties to their employers. Add to this, there were other motives which were likely, sooner or later, to obtain the victory in their minds. Neither Protestantism nor its followers can be accused in point of moral conduct. Witness to this fact the virtues of these poor creatures before you, the very confession of which drew tears from the loyal and noble nature of him who has here to undertake the accusation, as he the more deeply deplored their secession from his church. Yes, indeed, Evangelical Christians, rigid observers as they are of Christian morality, cultivate to the fullest extent every principle that does honour to the head or the heart, albeit they may deny the authority of Rome, and differ from some dogmas of its church. Picture to yourselves, then, the character of those with whom the accused were thus associated, add to this superior rank and necessary influence on one side, inferiority of position and subjection on the other, and who shall wonder at their change?—‘Discorso,’ p. 82.

It was against this humble pair,—one of whom, Rosa, was originally a maid-servant, and even then only a lodging-house keeper, possessing but small means, the greater part of which she spent in acts of charity,—that the whole power of the government was set in force by the priesthood, upon the professed charge of proselytism (*‘proselitismo’*), though the act of conviction was insidiously entitled simply for impiety (*‘empietà’*).

The trial took place before the president Nervini, substituted for the usual vice-president in the most important cases only; the attorney-general was Biceherdi, a man of unsullied character, though bigoted in his views upon religion, and the parties were defended, as we have already said, by Maggiorani, a rising advocate, who, according to the old Roman custom which here prevails, had passed his three years apprenticeship under the celebrated Mori. The audience were admitted by tickets only, a process which provided against any outward expression of sympathy, and the evidence—its publication being forbidden—can only be inferred from the recollection of those present, and the uncontested allusions to its extent on the part of the advocates. Proselytism was rightly defined by the advocate of the accused to consist in the ‘preaching of heterodox doctrines to the people with all the *legal incidents of publicity*, and with the view of subverting the religion of the state in order to substitute another.’ The three heads of proof advanced were—1st. The act of teaching the dogmas of the evangelical religion, practised with respect to several individuals separately;—2nd. The distribution of heterodox books; and 3rd. Meetings

of persons held in their own house for the purpose of reading such books.

Let us for a moment, following the example of their counsel, see how far the first head of proof is contradicted by the witnesses produced before the court in favour of Rosa; because, as he justly remarks, unshaken and uncontradicted as they are, and applying to the whole period of her life immediately preceding the accusation, they would show the few and insignificant acts spoken to by the witnesses against her to be, even if believed, exceptions to her general practice.

Assienta Rinaldi, Elisabetha Giorne, Ferdinando Simone, Caterina Rossi—all Catholics, and all brought into intimate relations with the accused immediately before the period of her accusation, concur in one and the same history of her character and conduct. All speak of her as not only tolerant of their religion, but as impressing upon them the duty of keeping up its observances as long as they continued within it. Her whole life seemed to be a series of acts of charity and kindness: here, interceding with the Protestant masters or mistresses of some of the witnesses that they might have liberty of fasting or attending mass according to their convictions; there, enforcing the necessity of preparation for communion; now, consoling the deathbed of a poor sufferer without seeking for a moment to disturb her convictions; then making presents of relics or images to others, which, though they had lost their value with her, would, she knew, be full of interest to them. One of the most important witnesses in favour of the poor Rosa was actually a nun. Yes, even she, exposed, as the advocate for the defence justly observes, to the proselytizing powers of Rosa Madiai as confidante, as friend, and as living under the same roof for upwards of two years, ends by taking vows in a convent, and ‘from these sacred and solitary recesses sends even now a word of affection, and trembles at, and groans over, the undeserved reproaches cast upon her old companion.’ (*Discorso*, p. 96.) This witness, whom the prosecution refused to have sent for to undergo a *viva voce* examination, though the accused offered to pay the expense, but whose written deposition, certified by the lady superior and by the bishop of Pescia, was admitted on the files, gives testimony most favourable to Rosa Madiai. She was in the same house with her, as servant to various families for two years, and ‘though there known to be “heterodox in her views,” yet did she ever show an exemplary respect to the convictions of others, nor was she known to outrage by act, word, or deed, their ministers or objects of worship, still less attempt to make converts, either of the witness or of any others.’ She then

proceeds to give three distinct instances of Rosa's influence with Protestant mistresses being used to protect and assist their Catholic servants in the exercise of their own religion. It would be useless to give the detailed evidence of half a dozen other witnesses (including a priest), all speaking in the same sense, and whose simple history* of the doings of Rosa melted the hearts of even those opposed to her.

And what have we to set against this on the side of the government? Six or seven witnesses speaking to separate acts, not one of which, nor all combined together, if fully believed, would establish the legal crime of proselytism, and some so unworthy of credit, from their internal improbability, from being mere hearsay, or from the character or conduct of the witnesses, as to deserve immediate rejection. The principal witness was Faustina Vecchioni, a woman who went to work by the day at the Madias' house. The most remarkable circumstance about this witness was her indecent and open hostility, or rather frenzy against the accused, displaying itself in words, tone, action and countenance, and even, when seated in the court, and not under examination, bursting forth afresh in sneering fits of laughter at anything said in their defence, and open applause at whatever made against them. The matter of her evidence consisted in the retailing of pretended conversations, in which (as they had always arisen according to her own statement from objections *she* made to protestantism, and the replies of Rosa Madias,) it was, as her advocate justly remarked, rather Vecchioni proselytizing Rosa, than Rosa attempting that process with her. According to this temperate and impartial witness, we are to believe that the conscientious and proselytizing Rosa, in the course of such conversations, put forth the following dogmas of faith: 'That there are but eight commandments (*restrinsè quei commandamenti al otto soltanto*); that there was no such place as heaven or hell (*negava l'esistenza non solo del purgatorio ma del paradiso e dell'inferno*); that our Saviour did not die on the cross for our salvation (*che Gesu Christo non è morto in croce per salvare le anime nostre*).' With respect to such testimony, have not the prosecution to lament the usual consequence of unscrupulous witnesses, that of proving too much? The next witness, Antonia Zaccagnini, was also a servant, but in one respect a marked contrast to the last. She had been covered with benefits by those whom she was accusing, and though telling a glib story when under private examination, the following is the advocate's description of her appearance when confronted with the prisoners:—

'This witness, so zealous for the prosecution, and so well informed,

what appearance did she present before you in this court? You saw her. She could hardly make herself heard; she could not raise her eyes either on the accused or on you. Being told to turn towards the accused, that they might have some chance of catching her trembling and almost inaudible tones, she seemed as if nailed to her seat, and determined to turn her back on the prisoners' bench. Everything in her revealed hesitation and remorse. Her memory no longer served her, and her testimony would have been lost, had it not been for the leading questions of the prosecution.'

The purport of this woman's evidence was to accuse Rosa of having given her Bibles which she had asked for herself, and of having admitted her presence while the reading of the Bible was going on; though she confessed, under examination, that she had intruded there, in hopes of getting money to relieve her wants. It were unpardonable to omit one curious anecdote connected with this woman. Being in extreme want, she again made application to poor Rosa, who gave her relief, but not all that she required, and then recommended her to the charitable consideration of the worthy fathers of the Santa Maria Novella convent. These reverend fathers are the great distillers of Florence, and exhibit a waiting-room for great personages, glittering with gilding and silks. A splendid festival was at this time in course of celebration, and the claimant for charity was, it seems, rejected in rather harsh terms. A similar fate met her applications in other quarters, until at length, wearied and disappointed, she returned to Rosa Madiai, and by her tears and entreaties, obtained, as she says, a note of recommendation to the English clergyman, who gave her five pauls. Upon this simple circumstance an inference is sought to be drawn, that Rosa was in league with the English heretic, and Zaccagnini the victim of their plot.

The third of her servants brought as witness against her, is the interesting invalid, Antonietta Marsini, on account of whose health the trial was so often postponed, and who, upon her marriage, was not without a foretaste, in the shape of a wedding-gown and other presents, of the satisfaction she was giving to her employers. She is also singular as being the only one of Rosa's servants who states herself to have been actually converted to protestantism while living with her. Other witnesses in her favour spoke of being with her years without an attempt at proselytism; but this one, in six short months, asserts that her religious convictions were attempted and conquered. None of Rosa's most secret plans were, we are told, hidden from this servant; the protestant books concealed from all else, the arrangements and constituents of their Bible meetings, all were revealed, and she

was most earnestly urged to attend the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the Prussian chapel. Upon this point there is happily opportunity of contradiction, and Maria della Lena, a Catholic, and a witness of unimpeached credit, expressly declares, that so far from its being by desire of Rosa, it was done against her wish, and without her knowledge.

Add to this contradiction that a cause of hostility on the part of the Marsini, was the refusal of her mistress to permit the visits of an unknown lover of this interesting domestic, and we shall agree in the conclusion of the advocate, that such testimony, even if it amounted to anything, must be received with considerable doubt!

The next two witnesses, Luisa Bucciolini and Enrico Matarassi, are connected with the last; the one by intimate friendship, the other by relationship, and their testimony goes to similar trifling and inconclusive facts. The one had *once* heard Rosa speak 'irreverently' of the priests and the mass; the other, a young boy, deposes to having once refused, and once asked for and received, a Bible; which, indeed, he explains himself to have procured merely with the view of handing it over to his mother. He farther adds, that having besought Francesco Madiati to teach him French, he did so by means of a French Testament. Two more yet remain, Serafino Vannini, and the blind old man Giuseppe Cavaciocchi, who gave their evidence amidst so much contradiction and hesitation, that we might disregard them altogether; but, not to omit a single tittle of evidence brought against the accused, let us for a moment see what these depositions amount to. Francesco Madiati is represented to have stated it as his opinion that there were too many monks and churches, and that the oil in the numerous lamps to the Virgin might have illuminated the darkness elsewhere with more advantage: they add too, what seemed the most grave of all charges—viz., that Rosa had constantly instructed young children in the doctrines of the evangelical faith! Mark, however, how simple the answer; it was distinctly proved that there were no other than children of the Protestant faith, entrusted to her for that very purpose. There oozed out, however, from the evidence of the blind old man one very significant fact; that as he could not find his way to church by himself, Rosa, faithful to her charitable instincts, had led him by the hand,—whither think ye? To the chapel of her friend the Protestant clergyman? No, to the services of his own church, never failing to return to conduct him home, at its conclusion. What a crowning fact to all the various proofs of '*un animo diretto a far proseliti, à rovesciare la religione dell' stato.*'

But a second head of accusation remained; another branch

of *proselitismo*; namely, 'diffusione dei libri eterodosse' (the distribution of heterodox books). We may pause for a moment to remark that if the gift of, and the instruction in a New Testament, are admitted as evidence under this head, no greater condemnation of that religion which the prosecution sought to defend can be uttered. To call the Bible a heterodox book is to say, under the shelter of a fine word, that its doctrines are different from those of the Roman-catholic Church. Call it a forbidden book if you will, for such it is known to be, but a heterodox book, never! if you value the credit of your church. And yet, except for those instances, the only evidence of the distribution of heterodox books, is that of Francesco Centofanti, who says, that one day, two years ago, the husband, Francesco Madiai, whom he met at the door of his house, said he could 'like to give him a book containing the account of something that happened in the Pays Bas, and which was as good as a gospel.' He either, however, did not give the book, or, if he did, it was returned without being read, though upon all this the witness 'could not pretend to be positive.' Further, the Marsinis and the Zaccagninis spoke to the possession on the part of both the Madiai of a great number of protestant books; which, in earnest Christians, is about as strange as if a devout Catholic was proved to be well furnished with the 'Catechism of the Council of Trent,' the 'Dottrina Christiana,' 'Den's Theology,' or the works of the old fathers; and is, at all events, no proof of a distribution of heterodox tracts.

For the same reason may be dismissed in a few words the last mode of proselytism charged against the accused, namely, that of assemblies for the purpose of reading heterodox books, or teaching heterodox views. That assemblies of Protestants were held for the purpose of reading the gospel and for prayer is self-evident, as such a meeting, on a small scale, was collected at the very moment when the officers of justice came to seize the Madiai. But of whom composed? Of four persons, all Protestants, one of them an Englishman. If the indignant remonstrance made by the relatives of the latter sufficed to procure his release from unjust imprisonment, upon what grounds can the same act be made matter of accusation against natives of the country who shared his convictions.

It is then, upon such evidence, after the eloquent defence of their advocate, followed, according to an old custom, by an open admission to his arguments and his law on the part of two of the most distinguished advocates of Florence, that the court retires to deliberate. Apart from the want of credit and contradictions of the witnesses, one point of law has been strongly urged in favour of the prisoners, namely, that admitting the

whole of the evidence as true, there is no such publicity as is required by the 60th and 61st articles of the law of 1786; the severe penalties of which are invoked by the Crown, but in which the crime of simple impiety is not even included, the words being: 'Whoever shall dare to profane with impious designs the holy mysteries, by violently disturbing the holy service, or shall commit any other sort of public impiety (*empietà pubbliche*), or shall *publicly teach* (*insegnasse pubblicamente*), maxims contrary to our holy catholic religion, we decree that he shall be treated as a *disturber of that order* by which society is maintained, an enemy of society itself, and be punished with the greatest rigour, &c.' The prisoner's counsel contended, that the evidence, even if believed, failed to show such a publicity of place, or such a 'public' in the shape of persons affected as the letter of the law and former decisions upon what amounts to publicity required. How hard-pressed the Attorney-General must have felt by this argument may be inferred from the following extract of his speech, in which he most illogically attempts to supply the deficient ingredient of publicity in the crime of the prisoners by the notoriety of certain facts:—'Moreover, upon the question of publicity, the existence of protestantism as a sect was public and notorious, public and notorious also, that it is hostile to catholicism; public and notorious, that the Madiari appertained to it; public and notorious, the active part they took in spreading it, and disseminating heterodox books, &c., &c. Thus, publicity in the sense and requirement of the law was not wanting!'

For twelve hours did the president Nervini and his fellow judges deliberate upon evidence thus loose and unsatisfactory, and a legal objection thus clearly put, and thus inconclusively answered. It has become since known, in the irregular manner by which such facts transpired, that the unexpected delay in coming to a foregone conclusion, arose from the difficulty that more than one felt upon the question of publicity. At length, amid breathless silence, and with an agitation which obliged him to transfer to another judge the completion of their sentence, Nervini proceeded to announce their decision. They were obliged to admit, even in their judgment, the absence of that publicity of *place* contemplated by the statute under which they were to pass sentence; and yet, fortifying themselves upon the exceptional power of punishment which they claimed 'under the now established course of jurisprudence' (*secondo le cose oggimai stabilite dalla nostra giurisprudenza*), they passed, not an exceptional sentence for an exceptional crime, but one embodying more than the usual severity of the 61st cap. of the

edict of Leopold of 1786. Upon Francesco Madiai, fifty-six months imprisonment; upon Rosa Madiai, forty-five months, in separate prisons, with *travaux forcés*, the expenses of the prosecution, and three years' surveillance of the police when ever they should be released!

The president broke up the court in great haste; but when this fearful sentence was fully comprehended by the anxious audience, the hardly-suppressed cries of 'gli assassini! gli assassini!' the assassins! the assassins! must almost have reached the ears of the retiring judges.

No appeal could be entered upon the facts; but upon the legal question an immediate demand of appeal was made by their counsel, upon three grounds;—that, being tried upon the defined crime of proselytism, under 60th article of 1786, and not coming (as he contended must now be admitted) under it, they could not be sentenced on *other* grounds; secondly, that the cases relied on as 'establishing the course of jurisprudence' were easily distinguishable from the present one; and lastly, that the judgment was incongruous as pronouncing them guilty of one species of crime, and sentencing them to punishment for another. The Attorney-General, without assenting to the sufficiency of the objections, did not oppose the granting an appeal, and yet even this act of justice was refused to the condemned and unfortunate Madiai. Unfortunate were they indeed in one, but not in another sense, for they will share with their illustrious persecutor and his advisers in the great work of having substituted throughout Tuscany, by the very injustice of this process, a feeling of intense interest in vital religion for the indifference that had formerly prevailed towards it, and roused a determination to grasp at that forbidden book, the Bible, as the foundation of an effective belief in the place of that disinclination even to open its pages that had before retained the people in darkness.

We have alluded, with the minuteness which impartiality seemed to require, to each fact put forth against the Madiai, and have incidentally referred to the 'leading questions' by which even those facts were extracted contrary to all our own principles of justice, but we have not interrupted the thread of the narrative to point out the *hearsay form* in which they were given, so as to render them perfectly inadmissible in our own courts. We will give, as an instance, Enrico Materassi. The first material fact to which he spoke, 'he had heard Marsini say;' the second, 'Marsini had also told him;' the third, 'he knew from Zaccagnini, because Marsini had told her;' the fourth, 'he understood also from Zaccagnini;' and the fifth, 'he was sure he had heard, but he did not know from whom!' Such

was the evidence of an ignorant witness; not less startling is that of a learned one. Father Giuseppe Ricca, curate of Santa Maria Novella, ventures to assert that the Madiai distributed heterodox books, 'because he had heard it from an English Roman Catholic who had left Florence, and whose name he did not know, as well as from Francesco Centofanti.'

We are almost tempted to smile at such inconclusive testimony being advanced by educated men, and admitted by a duly constituted court of justice; and yet to the poor prisoners it is no smiling matter. Languishing in prison under a sentence of unusual severity (in which the Grand Duke has refused, to the joint interference of the English and Prussian ministers, the least modification; drily observing that, 'though he respected their convictions, he must also obey his own'), they are excluded from even the mutual comfort of each other's society; nay, from all that makes life most dear, with the sole exception of one internal source of peace, of which neither prince nor priest can deprive them. The calm and resigned character of Rosa Madiai supports her well, even in weak health under her trials; the more excitable temperament of her husband affords at this moment cause for the gravest apprehensions; and whatever the result, a gross and continuing act of injustice cries out for reversal, and cries out in vain.

One consolation, and one alone, remains. We have already alluded to it. The public mind of Florence, from the highest to the lowest, has been awakened to the real character of popery, and to the unscrupulous means by which alone it can be maintained. The Attorney-General himself confessed, that the delinquencies of those he accused had none, not even the most remote connexion with political objects, but the gross infraction of liberty and justice which has just occurred has roused the attention of those liberals in politics, whom no other machinery would have drawn aside, to the examination of religious dogmas. Let but the Tuscan government, urged on by the priests and supported by Austrian bayonets, maintain the course they have now commenced, and the condemnation of popery among those who think at all on such subjects is sealed. Let the former *regime* of liberty be restored, and it is yet possible that careless indifference may again assume the convenient garb of the State religion. We trust, indeed, that the good seed is already too widely scattered for such a result, but sure are we that, if the continuance of the present system should but give it time to strike its root, a sturdy plant will be produced, which not only no storms will be able to blast,

but which may even bid defiance to the relaxing influence of an Italian climate and Italian culture.

In the words of Montesquieu, so aptly quoted by Signor Maggiorani, 'Nothing is more important than to avoid penal laws as to religion. It is true, such laws may excite terror; but, inasmuch as religion has penalties which excite it also, the one feeling is subdued by the other, and the mind acquires in such a conflict a stern resolution. Religion has fearful threatenings and glorious promises; let these be but present to a man's mind, and laws will in vain urge him to abandon them. Human laws can take nothing from him when they leave him her promises, nor give him ought that can compensate him for her threatenings.'

The latest accounts with respect to the personal treatment of the Madiai, are, in some respects, consolatory to those who are interested for them, while they still show most strongly the necessity for continued efforts in their favour. Rosa Madiai, who is in confinement at the House of Correction in Lucca, has, owing to the peculiar calmness and resignation of her character, preserved her health and spirits, has experienced great kindness from the officers of the prison, and has been allowed to receive the visits of several English ladies. Francesco Madiai, who, during the first period of his imprisonment at Villena had suffered so much in health and spirits as to cause the gravest apprehensions for his life, is now much better. This improvement is principally owing to the unwearied kindness of one English gentleman, whose feelings will best be consulted by the omission of his name, but who for the last month has taken up his residence at the little inn of this desolate town for the sole purpose of paying daily visits to the poor prisoners.

Under this cheering influence, Francesco's health and spirits have been temporarily restored; but, from the nature of his former attack, and the fact that he is buoyed up with hopes of a speedy change in his lot, there is too much reason to fear that whenever his disinterested comforter has to leave him, and his anticipations of release are disappointed, he will rapidly sink. At present, he is removed to the infirmary of the prison, from the little window of which, owing to repairs that are going on in the walls, he can descry, through a gap left by the workmen, a magnificent view, extending over not less than sixty miles. The foreground embraces a scene of desolation unparalleled perhaps in Europe, as the soil there consists of white clay, which, from its softness, breaks up into rude conical hills, but admits of not a blade of vegetation. In

the distance is a rich country, and still further, the blue Mediterranean with the islands of Elba and Corsica can be descried from this lofty pinnacle. The whole scene is emblematic of his own position. So, too, the short space of dismantled wall which has left open to him this superb view, and which the workmen are each day slowly, though surely, diminishing in extent. His hope is, that ere this glimpse of the outer world is shut from his view, he will have left his cage to wander in freer regions. May it be so! That in one way or the other his release must soon come, is too evident. With England and the other countries united by a common sympathy, it rests whether that release shall be owed to the tardy mercy of his earthly prince, or the surer hand of a more powerful king.

Since the foregoing observations were in type, we have received the interesting publication edited by Dr. Tregelles,* in which will be found a luminous statement of the state of affairs at Florence before the arrest of the Madiai, and twenty-two letters from that city to friends in England, fully bearing out all that we had previously written. A report of the trial is given from the 'Gazetta dei Tribunali,' Florence, 12th June, 1852. This report contains, in an English translation, the act of accusation, the speech of the public minister, Sig. A. Bicchiera, the defence of the accused by Sig. Odoardo Maggiorani, the original of which we have been reviewing, the legal opinions of three celebrated lawyers in Florence on the whole case, and the formal sentence of the court. The appendix includes a letter from the Evangelical Alliance of Geneva to the Earl of Shaftesbury, and a petition from several of the nobility, gentry, clergy, and others, to her Majesty Queen Victoria, to make the feelings of the British nation known to the Tuscan Government, and endeavour to procure either a reversal of the judgment on the said Francesco and Rosa Madiai, or at least such alteration of their sentence as would admit of their seeking refuge in some land where it is lawful for each man to worship God after his own conscience! The letter from Lord Roden to Lord Shaftesbury, the letter of the deputation of the Evangelical Alliance, with their address to the Grand Duke, and the answer

* 'Prisoners of Hope. Being Letters from Florence, relative to the Persecution of Francesco and Rosa Madiai. Edited, with an Introduction, by S. P. Tregelles, LL.D. With an Abstract of the Trial. Second Edition, with an Appendix of recent Information.' (*The profits will be devoted to the Madiai.*) London: Partridge and Oakey. 1852.

of the Tuscan Minister of Foreign Affairs, are printed in an appendix to the second edition. The case has been mentioned in the British Parliament, and hopes have been held out of the deliverance of these sufferers for Christ, but up to the present time we have no authentic account of their release. We believe they are still in their dungeons. The recent decrees of the Tuscan Government exhibit a spirit from which we can draw no encouragement. Indeed, the prospects grow darker. We hope Dr. Tregelles's little book will be widely circulated. It is one of the most touching monographs to be found in the literature of the Christian church, and full of suggestions to all who care for liberty and religion throughout Europe.

ART. VII.—*Parliamentary Paper No. 4, Session of 1852.* An Account of the Number of County Electors registered for Property within the limits of any Borough; distinguishing the Total Number Registered in each County Constituency and in each Borough.

2. *Parliamentary Paper No. 118, Session 1852.* Return of the Number of the Population and Houses, according to the Census of 1851, in the Counties, Cities, Boroughs, and Towns of Great Britain, returning Members to Parliament.

3. *Parliamentary Paper No. 441, Session 1852.* A Return of the Population and Houses, according to the Census of 1851, in the Counties, Cities, and Boroughs of Great Britain Returning Members to Parliament, with the Number of Members returned; also the Population and Houses in Towns containing 2000 Inhabitants and upwards, not Returning Members to Parliament.

‘OUR GLORIOUS CONSTITUTION’ has been the boast of Englishmen ever since the Commons’ House acquired its true position in the legislature. Very different ideas are, however, attached to these hackneyed words, just according to the political bias of the utterer of them, or the point of vision from which he regards the administrative or legislative aspects of the constitution. According to some, the excellence of the British constitution consists in the equipoise of its three great elements—KING, LORDS, and COMMONS; according to others, it consists in the stability of the succession to the throne, and the prestige of an hereditary and really noble aristocracy. Others see its chief merits in the power of the Commons over the purse, and its

co-ordinate legislative functions with the other branches of the legislature. It needs but little sagacity to discover that, whilst it is *through* the constitution—governmental and legislative—as it now works, that the great ends of social and political well-being are secured, the very machinery is the creation of something beyond and higher than itself. The constitution is but the expression of the national character and will—the former moulded by causes working apart from the action of the mere constitution, and the latter, enforcing the convictions of the people in all great social, and political, questions. Hence THE CONSTITUTION, so called, of Great Britain, although stable in its great principle, has been a thing of change and development throughout its whole existence, and is obviously destined to undergo further and still greater change; chiefly, perhaps, in the extension and distribution of the elective franchise. After the example of schedule A and B in the Reform Bill, it is obviously useless to urge vested rights as a bar to further change in the same direction. The principle involved in those schedules was the simple one, that the legislature may, from time to time, adjust the *machinery of legislation* in accordance with changes in the intellectual, social, and industrial relations of the several classes. That principle was, indeed, practically denied by the noble author of the Reform Bill, when he declared the finality of that measure; but that mattered little, seeing THE PRINCIPLE was once and for ever stereotyped in the bill itself. Few, save the high whigs and conservatives, regarded the Reform Bill in any other light than as a great step, in a direction hereafter to be followed out; and Lord John Russell even has, in his last abortive proposition, shown that he, too, has abandoned all notions of finality. He had been blind, indeed, to the stupendous changes wrought in the whole framework of society throughout the country, if he had not seen that finality in the distribution of political power was an absurdity and an impossibility—unless not only industrial development could be entirely prevented, and by consequence the necessities which grow out of that development; but further, unless the expansion of the national intellect and the political aspirations which that produces, could have been prevented also. To effect these ends, not merely must every form of industry have been patented, and its type fixed for ever, as in China, and employment made hereditary, as in Hindostan, but thought must have been fettered, and its free utterance absolutely forbidden. Happily, for England, it has long emancipated itself from such trammels. Notwithstanding the restrictions on import generally, export has been free, and industry might choose its own

channel of development and enterprise; and whatever a man's thoughts or opinions on any or all subjects, he has been free to utter and print them. To the self-reliance, the manly and independent tone of mind, the love of freedom, and the resolved will to maintain and perfect it, which have been the inevitable growth of free thought, do we owe whatever is wise and timely in the adaptation of the national institutions to the altered conditions of the nation; and thus the glory of the British constitution consists in the perfect freedom of thought—of which, whatever is good and excellent in legislation and government, is but the expression. This being so, it follows that, in the long-run, the political power and influence of particular classes in the nation will be in the ratio of their intellectual power; before which existing arrangements, if non-accordant therewith, will be made to succumb. Practically, and in spite of existing arrangements, superior intelligence does work out for its possessors the power to which they are entitled—no modern ministry being governed in its policy simply by the arithmetical majority which it can command, or which voluntarily supports its policy, but mainly by the quality and composition of its supporters on the one hand, or of its opponents on the other. Hence a small minority, in which the representatives of the great seats of industry and of intelligence are ranged, is powerful enough to prevent any retrograde movement in the national policy; and a large minority, so composed, has heretofore, and will again, compel the strongest and most reluctant government to do its bidding.

This omnipotence of the intelligent classes, chiefly congregated in the towns and the great seats of industry, seems, at first sight, a sufficient reason for letting the existing distribution of political power alone, or, at the least, for making alteration at distant intervals. The reason is, however, only seemingly sufficient. The prudence of alterations is not to be measured by *intervals of years* in the being of society, but by alterations in the conditions of its being. It is no exaggeration—it is calm, sober fact—that mightier changes have taken place in this country—industrial, social, intellectual, and moral—within the period since the passing of the Reform Bill than in the previous hundred years! On every great question opinion has been in process of maturity, or has reached its culminating and triumphant point, with a rapidity unexampled in the history of human progress. The causes are not far to seek. The aggregation of great masses in towns and cities has mightily aided the diffusion of knowledge, whilst the daily and monthly press has furnished that knowledge in a full and copious stream, and with a power

and unction of style and tone, without precedent in the literary annals of England. Added to the direct influence of the press, intercourse betwixt the several parts of the empire, and betwixt this and other nations, the general expansion of mind consequent on the extended and complicated commercial relations of England, and the impulse given to mind generally by the striking and almost startling progress in every department of art and science effected within a short cycle of twenty years, have together had an influence in maturing the national character, and giving force and earnestness to its resolves, which will necessitate, in future legislation, a corresponding celerity of discussion and action. It may safely be averred, that questions yet unsettled will not have to pass through the same tedious process which marked the agitation and settlement of such as were disposed of in the first half of the present century. The tide of public opinion is not only infinitely broader and deeper in volume, but it is impatient of obstacles, and will overbear or overleap whatever bars its progress. The busy spirit, too, of the age chafes at the abstraction of time and energy for political purposes; and hence, when a question *must* be settled, its solution is undertaken with a resoluteness of will, not to be gainsaid, or diverted from its purpose. It was well enough to settle the questions of slavery and of parliamentary reform after thirty or forty years' agitation, in the existing state of public opinion, and with the comparatively scanty means of attack then possessed by the assailing party—existing abuses, evils, and defects, are destined to a shorter career, and agitation for their removal to a correspondingly rapid triumph.

Amongst other questions which are approaching to a settlement, it is palpable that the re-distribution of the representation is nearest maturity; always, however, bearing in mind that its settlement will be simultaneous with an extension of the suffrage. The two questions are inextricably interwoven. If an attempt were made to redistribute the number of members for existing boroughs, either on the basis of population or of property, there would be at least 100 of them entitled to less than one member each—some even being entitled only to the eighth of a member. Our mode of completing the re-adjustment would be by uniting several of these insignificant places together; but the attempt could not be made without arousing the 600 or 700 towns and *villages** of England and Wales, having

* The Return, 411, is exceedingly defective under the third head—namely, 'The Schedule of Towns containing upwards of 2000 Inhabitants, and *not* returning Members to Parliament.' The number so given is 274 for England

a population of upwards of 2000, to claim a share in the partition; and following that, there would be a general call for an extended and equal suffrage. The immediate objects of this article is not, however, the broad and comprehensive subject of parliamentary reform, but the sectional part of a re-adjustment of the number of county and borough members, commensurate, so far as may be, with the vast alterations effected in the course of the last hundred years in the relative population, wealth, and intelligence of the represented and the *unrepresented* places.

A passing remark or two on the immediate sources of the changes alluded to, will not be out of place here. Up to the period when *machinery* was first introduced (understanding by that term instruments of manufacture propelled by water or steam power), the distribution of the population was pretty equable throughout England, and the immigration to the towns from the rural districts, and more especially from one county to another, was on a very limited scale. After the introduction of machinery, the manufacturing population became aggregated within particular localities and even in particular counties. The woollen and worsted trades, which were scattered over the eastern counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, and were more or less practised, in the so-called 'domestic' form, in many other counties, gradually conglomerated in the West Riding of York, (Gloucester and Wiltshire retaining what they had long possessed, the *fine* cloth manufacture,) whilst the cotton trade, the very creature, so to speak, of machinery, rapidly rose into gigantic importance, and became the chief manufacture of England. The following figures will place in a clear point of vision, this aggregation of the population around the foci of machinery :—

and Wales; but it is stated that the clerks of the peace have only returned *as towns*, such places as have markets, or are so governed as to come under that technical designation. The return is, consequently, most inaccurate and deceptive, as the following instances will show :—The number of *unrepresented* towns in the West Riding of York having a population of 2000 and upward is given at thirteen; but there are eighty-three other townships, compact and flourishing, manufacturing *towns* in fact, having an average population of 4626 persons (nineteen persons *above* the average of the sixty-six parliamentary boroughs which Lord John Russell proposed in his late measure to enlarge), the majority of which are, as respects wealth and intelligence, much fitter to return members to parliament than the sixty-six boroughs alluded to. The return also gives twenty-two *unrepresented* towns only for Lancashire, there being actually eighty-nine more, with an average population of 4544. If the other manufacturing counties were similarly analyzed, there is little doubt that the estimate of 600 or 700 towns in the text would be *more* than sustained.

Table showing the increase of the population of England betwixt 1801 and 1851, in four sections of Counties.

	Population in 1801.	Population in 1851.	Increase per cent.
*6 Manufacturing counties, .	2,007,188	5,598,548	179
+2 Metropolitan ditto .	1,087,172	2,569,652	136
‡3 Mining ditto .	394,212	903,803	128
§29 Agricultural ditto .	4,842,862	7,848,057	62
All England . . .	8,331,434	16,920,060	103

Of this enormous growth of the population in the manufacturing counties, the chief aggregations have been in the cities and towns, as the following table exhibits:—

	Population in 1801.	Population in 1851.	Increase per cent.
Lancashire, 11 towns	296,780	1,149,192	287
Warwick, 2 ditto	89,704	270,803	200
York, West Riding, 6 ditto .	115,154	502,877	336
Cheshire, 4 ditto	40,362	130,700	220
Stafford, 4 ditto	45,065	224,480	349
Total, 27 towns . . .	587,065	2,278,052	288

Whilst the population has thus been aggregating in the manufacturing towns, nearly all of which were represented prior to the passing of the Reform Bill, it has remained stationary, or nearly so, in the towns of the agricultural districts, and more especially in those which sent representatives to parliament. The Reform Bill remedied the anomaly arising out of this growth on the one hand, and this stationary condition on the other, by disfranchising some of the smaller places, and taking *one* member from others; but the anomaly is *now greater* than at the passing of that measure, because of the accelerated growth of the towns. It is a startling fact, that there are in the West Riding of York, ninety-three unrepresented townships (*query* towns) having an aggregate population of 450,250 persons; and in Lancashire, 111 unrepresented townships, having an aggregate population of 459,029; whilst the population of the sixty-six parliamentary boroughs, returning ninety-nine members, which Lord John Russell proposed to *enlarge* in his late measure, is only 456,153. In other words, sixty-six towns

* Cheshire, Lancashire, Leicester, Stafford, Warwick, and York.

† Middlesex and Surrey.

‡ Cornwall, Durham, and Monmouth.

§ The remaining English counties.

in all England, chiefly in the agricultural districts, averaging 4607 inhabitants each, return ninety-nine members to parliament, and 204 townships in Lancashire and the West Riding of York, having an average population of 4476 inhabitants—RETURN NOT ONE MEMBER! The contrast is as striking if these sixty-six boroughs be contrasted with the first fifty-one boroughs enumerated, pages 5 and 6, 'Parliamentary Paper,' No. 441, also returning ninety members to parliament, as follows:—

	Population.	Members.	Population to each Member.
66 Small boroughs . . .	456,153	99	4,607
51 Large ditto . . .	5,538,268	99	55,942
Total . . .	5,994,421	198	30,275

Leaving out of calculation altogether the fact that, in the larger boroughs, the inhabitants, man for man, are wealthier, more intelligent, and more independent than in the smaller ones; and taking population as the basis of representation, the sixty-six small boroughs would be entitled to nine members, and the larger boroughs to 189! The case is equally strong and startling if counties be contrasted. The six manufacturing counties classified on Paper p. 7 contain a population of 4,886,360; and the rental is £20,788,551. They return eighty-one members, being in the ratio of *one* member to 60,325 of the population, and £256,648 of rental. The seven counties of Berks, Dorset, Hereford, Huntingdon, Oxford, Sussex, and Wilts, having a population of only 1,290,052, and a rental of £7,407,283, also return eighty-one members, being in the ratio of one member to 15,926 of the population, and £91,447 of rental!

It will be objected that these are extreme cases, and that a more comprehensive comparison would materially modify the contrast, alike betwixt different sections of parliamentary boroughs, and betwixt sections of these boroughs, and sections of the unrepresented towns of England, respectively. Let that be conceded; still the anomaly is so glaring, and the injustice of such a partition of political power is so monstrous, that no *general averages* of population and members will suffice to gloze it over, and it may confidently be affirmed that a system which involves such violent contrasts is a *doomed one*. Those general averages will now be considered.

A minute analysis of the several parliamentary returns prefixed to this article, gives the following results:

	Population to each County Member.	Population to each County Member, excluding Boro' Pop.	Population to each Borough Member.	Population to all Members.	Rental of Real Property to each Member.
All England . .	113,822	68,325	21,797	35,923	191,574
24 Agricultural counties . }	74,818	54,690	9,351	23,783	141,851
6 Mixed counties	88,575	56,556	17,868	31,728	157,510
3 Mining ditto .	90,383	68,250	13,019	33,475	147,916
5 Manufact. ditto	271,453	138,711	37,939	60,325	256,648
2 Metropolitan do.	513,930	106,092	101,959	102,786	658,105

Proportion of Population to Borough Members . 51,585

The figures are significant enough, without much comment. Whether the proportion of members to which the agricultural, the mixed, and mining counties are entitled, be estimated by the number of inhabitants, or by the rental of real property, it is abundantly clear that their share in the representation is excessive, and that the *agricultural counties have the lion's share*. Compared with the manufacturing counties, *one* voice goes as far in the election of a county or borough member, as four in them; and compared with the metropolitan, the proportions are as one to seven for county members, and as one to eleven for borough members. The force of absurdity, inequality, and injustice could hardly go much further. Nor, throwing aside the basis of population, and taking that of property, is the case much mended as respects the agricultural counties. The rental of real property charged to the income tax in 1851* shows an average of £191,574 for each member returned to parliament, county and borough members, of course, both included. The agricultural counties are more than 25 per cent. *below* this average, the manufacturing counties being nearly 30 per cent., and the metropolitan 240 per cent. *above* it, tested by the rental of real property, the excess in the representation possessed by the agricultural counties is not so great as it appears by the population test, but it must be remembered that *real property* constitutes the mass of the wealth of those counties, whilst in the manufacturing counties it is probably little in excess of the floating and fixed capital employed in trade. Could a fair estimate be made of this species of wealth, it is exceedingly doubtful whether the manufacturing and metropolitan counties would not be entitled to a

* The rental for 1851 is calculated on the basis of the Parliamentary Return of 1843, adding to the rental of each a sum *pro ratio* to the increase of the population, which will not be far from the mark.

larger share in the representation, taking *all property* as the basis, than if population only were taken.

The following table shows the proportion of members (county and borough) at present returned by each of the five sections embodied in the preceding table, and the number to which each would be entitled on the basis of population and property respectively:—

	Present No. of Members.	Members pro ratio to Pop.	Excess.	Deficiency.
24 Agricultural counties .	271	179	92	...
6 Mixed ditto .	67	59	8	...
3 Mining ditto .	27	25	2	...
5 Manufacturing ditto .	81	136	...	55
2 Metropolitan ditto .	25	72	...	47
Total . . .	471	471	102	102

	Present No. of Members.	Members pro ratio to Real Prop.	Excess.	Deficiency.
24 Agricultural counties .	271	200	71	...
6 Mixed ditto .	67	55	12	...
3 Mining ditto .	27	21	6	...
5 Manufacturing ditto .	81	109	...	28
2 Metropolitan ditto .	25	86	...	61
Totals . . .	471	471	89	89

Taking property as the basis of representation, the metropolitan and manufacturing counties would gain, and the other counties would lose, eighty-nine members for England alone; and seeing that the strength of liberal opinions in the Commons, rests mainly in the votes of the former section in the house, it may be fairly concluded that on all great questions of national policy, there would be an accession of at least one hundred votes (which would count as two hundred on a division) in favour of PROGRESS.

But the mere transfer of so many members from the agricultural or conservative section of the Commons House to the manufacturing and mercantile or liberal section, would not be the only gain to liberalism consequent on a re-distribution of the representation. It has already been stated that no fresh arrangement is possible *which should simply adjust the number of members amongst existing borough constituencies*. With respect to the counties, as *all* counties return members, the adjustment is practicable; for excepting three counties, namely, Huntingdon, Rutland, and Westmoreland, all have a population and rental entitling them to *one* county member at least. But, as respects the boroughs at present returning members to parlia-

ment, the population and constituencies of the majority are so small, that after striking off the smallest, to the extent of the transfer to be made to the manufacturing and metropolitan counties, there would still remain a considerable number of that class which the experience of the last twenty years has shown to be so open to corrupting and demoralizing influences, that it is a mockery of free representation to give them the privilege of returning members to parliament; besides which, public opinion is so fully made up on the utter inexpediency of small constituencies, that it is all but certain a re-distribution of the representation would involve the establishment of a *minimum* of voters, which would either exclude altogether one half or more of the boroughs remaining after the *transfer* alluded to, or necessitate the annexation of other places to make up the required number, whether of population or of voters. It is difficult to determine what *minimum* would place a constituency sufficiently above the evil influences now so deplorably felt in so many of the boroughs of England at elections. Taking it at 20,000 inhabitants, there are 113 below the average in England alone. If eighty-nine were altogether disfranchised to effect the adjustment betwixt the two great sections of the representative body, there would remain twenty-four *below* the prescribed *minimum*, and if that *minimum* were fixed at 30,000 inhabitants, there would be forty-five *below* it. That the latter is a preferable *minimum*, there can be no question; but whether 20,000 or 30,000 were selected, it does not admit of a doubt that the chance of a free and unbought expression of the public voice would be mightily increased; and that, correspondingly, the influence now exercised over elections by the dominant classes would be *curtailed*.

But further changes are involved in the idea of re-distribution. The present arbitrary system of giving *one* or *two* members to a borough irrespective of the population or the number of voters, must undergo revision whenever the general question of re-distribution shall come again fully before the nation; and for this, amongst other weighty reasons, that it would be impossible to bar the claim of the numerous populous townships in the metropolitan and manufacturing counties which at present are unrepresented, save as they participate in the county franchise. Such vast populations as Chelsea, Kensington, and Hammersmith *could not* and *would not* be gainsaid in their demand to be represented, and in the West Riding of York, and South Lancashire, districts of townships, whether of 20,000 or 30,000, (almost as close lying to each other as the wards of some towns,) could easily be found, each returning one member; and simultaneously with the unions of such town-

ships into parliamentary districts, other and *much-needed* changes might be made to secure the better judicial, municipal, and sanitary government of these great and growing hives of industry. Now it will be seen by the table on page 100, that if the existing number of borough members be retained, the minimum of population for one member would be, in round numbers, about 57,000. It would be alike impossible and undesirable to insist on giving *one member to a less population than this*; whether that population consisted of *one township* or a *group of townships*. It would obviously be necessary, in some counties, to confer the right of sending one member in places having a much smaller number, but so far as the proportion of members for each county was concerned, that could be strictly observed. But even with this qualification, re-distribution would involve the creation of a considerable number of new constituencies. Perhaps an alteration in the county franchise, like that proposed by Lord John Russell, might satisfy to a considerable extent, the desire for political rights, which pervades the manufacturing districts of England; and more especially if the larger counties were further subdivided, so as to give greater individuality to the county representation than exists at present. But if this did not meet the public demand, there would be a resort open, namely, to fix a maximum of members for any constituency, however large, in order to make the representation as comprehensive, in reference to classes, interests, and localities, as possible. It is not denied that this would be a departure from the rigid principles of re-distribution.

It is freely acknowledged further, that adherence to any absolute rule, either as to number or property, is not now advocated. To say nothing of the indisposition of the people of this country to make organic changes on abstract theories, there are cogent reasons against a scheme of re-distribution, approximating even to the ideal of equal electoral districts. The most prominent and formidable of these, is the great, the absolute uncertainty which envelops the result, as respects the character and composition of a House of Commons elected on that principle. Given, the public question to be solved, and the action of a House elected on the present basis of the franchise, and the present appointment of members, may be predicated with tolerable certainty. Nor is it difficult to calculate the *probable* action of a House of Commons elected on the basis laid down in this article. But, supposing England to be mapped out into equal electoral districts, in which would be jumbled together the most heterogeneous elements—individual, intellectual, and moral—nothing short of actual experience would solve the double question of the composi-

tion and action of a House of Commons so elected. Now a sound philosophy, not less than the national indisposition to theoretic changes, stands opposed to all re-construction of the machinery of society, of which the results cannot, in great part, be foreseen and calculated. Another, and almost as formidable an objection, is, that if the iron bed of equal electoral districts be laid down as the basis of the representation, the specific individuality which characterizes the representation, both county and borough, would be destroyed. The county representation, in the main, expresses the opinions of the landowners; but there are several constituencies which have for a series of years always been in the van of progress, their fiat frequently deciding the policy of a ministry, and the fate of some great measure of national policy. Always supposing a more equal distribution of the county representation, and an extension of the county franchise itself, it does seem desirable not merely to give to the owners and occupiers of land an efficient voice in the legislature, but also to have the expression of the national mind and will on the broad scale of county elections. The borough representation bears unmistakeable marks of distinct individuality. Without entering deeply into its causes, the fact is patent to all who have mixed much in politics, that individual constituencies are marked by strong peculiarities of thought and opinion on great and leading questions—or by a more thorough mastery of them than is common to the community of parliamentary boroughs,—or by an intense earnestness in the prosecution of some one or more of the political projects of the day.

The result is, that the House of Commons, in the aggregate, represents the most matured thought and will of the nation, on nearly all points of national policy. It results, too, that each interest or class expresses its individual judgment how far existing laws affect its well-being, and its estimate of the probable consequences of proposed measures to itself, specially. It may be quite true that this individuality, so to speak, in the component members of the House of Commons, is, to a certain extent, synonymous with partiality and narrowness of vision on great national questions. But how is this to be avoided? Few statesmen ever see all sides of a question, and it is, in fact, by taking the sense of numerous individuals of constituencies, seeing a question from different and distinct points of vision, and more especially scrutinizing its whole bearing on their particular interests, that a minister or a government comes to know the whole scope, wisdom, and safety of public measures. Merge the existing boroughs in equal electoral districts, and abolish at the same time the county fran-

chise, and it seems almost certain that the representative body would express a low and dull average of opinion; and that the influence now exercised, and most justly so, by the more enlightened of the county and borough constituencies would be lost. What South Lancashire, or Middlesex, or the West Riding of York says on any question would no longer be asked,—nor yet what was the verdict of London, or Manchester, or Birmingham, or Leeds on it,—and then the ministry for the time being, thinking men in all parts of the nation, and parliament itself, would lack the opinion of the most enlightened, earnest, and thoughtful of the constituencies—constituencies, too, having stronger motives to weigh well all the consequences of a measure to their individual welfare, and the national safety and happiness, than any other in the empire!

Many other reasons against a sweeping system of re-distribution might be adduced; but one more must suffice. The whole process of improvement in the form of the national institutions has been pre-eminently tentative. Analogy, and previous experiment on a small scale, have governed all change whatever; and above all, the ancient landmarks of the constitution have been steadily kept in sight, whilst *re-construction*, as distinct from *alteration* and *adaptation*, has been inexorably eschewed. It has been demonstrated in the preceding portions of this article, that great inequalities exist in the distribution of the representation, both county and borough. Simple inequality, however, would be little regarded by the practically-minded people of England, if it did not affect the social and political progress of the nation. *Right votes*, whether given by the representation of Arundel, with its 2748 inhabitants, or by the representation of the Tower Hamlets, with its 539,111 inhabitants, would be equally acceptable to the people; nor would the constituency of the latter care much that their share in the representation was only co-equal with their pigmy compeer. It is just, however, because of the obstructive character of the representation of the ancient and small agricultural boroughs to all progress, and because of the conscious strength,—whether of numbers, wealth, and intelligence, which slumbers in the more modern boroughs of the manufacturing districts, for want of adequate expression in parliament,—that re-distribution is sought. It is, in fact, sought as a means to an end—that end being improvement in every department of administration, external and internal. It would be a paltry and contemptible thing to seek organic changes, merely that particular counties or boroughs might have their exact modicum of the representation; it is a wise and dignified thing when they are strongly

demanded and earnestly contended for, as the means of social and political progress. Nor is it the alone reason for seeking re-distribution, that the course of wise legislation is impeded by the present state of the representation. Like all other forms of injustice, the inequality of the representation, bound up as it is with small and dependent constituencies, involves collateral mischiefs. The prizes of office and power are splendid realities in a rich nation like England; and it is to tempt the virtue of public men, and to put to hazard the political honesty and the moral tone of the people, to leave the representation so much in the hands of small constituencies, either so ignorant and sensual as to be led away by the candidate who will most freely dispense the means of debauchery, or so manageable, from their dependence on some neighbouring lordling or great landowner, that willingly, like bond slaves, or unwillingly, like chained and chafed bondsmen, they must do his bidding. That such is the condition of at least one-third of the boroughs of England is undeniable; and it is as undeniable that the larger constituencies will not long be content to be neutralized by boroughs so situated, although Lord Derby declares he will consent to no re-adjustment of the representation. One of the most significant features of Lord John Russell's bill of February last, was the provision *to extend* sixty-six of the smaller boroughs. It was a confession either of their bondage or their willing subserviency. It was an attempt, too, to preserve such boroughs, just as it was an admission, that, as they work at present, they are intolerable and indefensible. It is doubtful whether any future Reform Bill *will* pass containing a similar provision for saving these boroughs from entire disfranchisement *as boroughs*. The election which has just concluded has added damning proofs of the utter incompatibility of small constituencies, either with honest and independent voting, with public virtue, with pure morals, or with safety to the *few* who are faithful to their trust. Even when the baser and more degrading influences have not been applied, intimidation and coercion, in many forms, have effected the same end—control on the voter; and there are thousands of voters at this moment, in whose breasts there either rankles a feeling of bitter resentment, or of deep indignation and wounded self-esteem, because of the wrong done to conscience, and the filching from them of a prized and cherished right. The ballot may cure much of this in the larger boroughs, but it is more than doubtful whether it would be effective in the smaller ones. Be that as it may, the small boroughs, if allowed another day of grace in the next Reform Bill, will, in the end, be extinguished. No man with the least foresight, and being con-

versant with the forms of coercion and corruption exhibited in elections for small places, has the least confidence in the efficacy of the remedy provided in Lord John Russell's bill. *It may be tried*, though that is exceedingly doubtful; but if so, it will fail; and then nothing can save these boroughs from utter disfranchisement; and when that event takes place, *if not before*, a re-distribution of the representation is inevitable, and it is fervently to be hoped may be so adjusted and settled, as not to require further meddling for generations to come.

Brief Notices.

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SERMONS, ETC., ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Wellington as Warrior, Senator, and Man. By T. Binney. London: Hamilton and Co. Mr. Binney's 'little volume' will be found a worthy companion to the 'Memoir of Wellington,' reprinted from the 'Times' in the 'Traveller's Library.' Notwithstanding the apparent awkwardness of its ambiguous form, we think it is 'worth something' for the quantity of sound truth, wise discrimination, and manly sentiment which it expresses, in language of great strength and clearness. The Christian element, so far from being strained, is not so prominent as many evangelical believers would desire.—*The Life of Wellington: Its Lessons to Young Men.* A Discourse by Rev. W. Forster. Preached in the Congregational Church, Kentish Town, on Sunday Evening, October 3rd, 1852. London: Ward and Co. Mr. Forster's 'Discourse' is calm, judicious, practical, and well adapted to impress young men with the lessons he has so pertinently drawn from the recent event which has cast a shade over the civilized world. The peculiar morality of the New Testament would make it more acceptable to large classes of Christian readers.—*Wellington and Victory: or, Christians more than Conquerors.* By Rev. A. Morton Brown, LL.D., Cheltenham. London: Snow. Dr. Brown's object in this 'Discourse' is to illustrate—which he does very beautifully—'Man's Estimate of Successful

Soldiers,' and 'God's Estimate of Faithful Christians.' He does all honour to the noble qualities of 'Wellington;' yet, in the true spirit of a Christian preacher, he expatiates on the still higher honour which is reserved for those who are 'more than conquerors.'—*The Mighty Fallen.* A Tribute to the Memory of Arthur Duke of Wellington. By John Morison, D.D., LL.D., Minister of Trevor Chapel. London: Ward and Co. Dr. Morison, with his usual perspicuity, judgment, and evangelical fidelity, has vindicated the introduction of the theme familiar to all men's thoughts into the Christian pulpit, and urged on men of every rank the views revealed in the New Testament both of life and of death. He speaks with respectful delicacy of the Duke's reserve in personal communication, of his well-known habits of attending public worship, and of his benevolence, and gives utterance to sentiments which are both appropriate to the occasion, and seasonable at all times.—*The Duke, a Sketch.* By Thomas Archer, D.D. London: Snow. This glowing sketch is worthy of the eloquent divine who has produced it. The text is from Jeremiah: 'How is the strong staff broken!' and suggests appropriate reflections, vigorously illustrated, on the great qualities which secured to 'the Duke,' the extraordinary influence among all classes, which rendered that title so appropriate, so emphatic, and so just.—*The Lord taketh away.* A Sermon preached in the National Scotch Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden, on Sunday morning, Sept. 19th, 1852, on the Death of F. M. the Duke of Wellington. By John Cumming, D.D. London: Shaw. Without expressing our assent to Dr. Cumming's prophetic interpretations, which are but slightly touched in this sermon, we must say that it is an excellent address to a congregation on the mournful event which had occurred only a few days before, and one of the best of the author's numerous publications.—*Wellington.* A Lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association in Exeter Hall, November 30th, 1852. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D. London: Nisbet and Co. This 'Lecture,' delivered two months after the 'Sermon' on the death of the Duke of Wellington, is remarkable for its eloquent contrast between Wellington and Napoleon, and for its practical application of the departed hero's well-known qualities of character to all the positions which the 'Young Men' to whom he was speaking are likely to occupy in future life. The lecturer forms a favourable opinion of the late duke's Christian piety in his late years on some extracts from his speeches and anecdotes, which he declares to be authentic. We regret to observe that a brilliant passage in page 42, has not been given as a well-known extract from Robert Hall's exquisite 'Sermon on the Death of the Princess Charlotte,' instead of being amplified without improvement. It is a very able lecture, and deserves the interest it excited in a crowded audience.—*Iron and Clay.* A Funeral Sermon for the Duke of Wellington. By J. De Kewer Williams. With a quaint title, Mr. Williams has produced a singularly ingenious and, what is better, remarkably useful sermon, in which he has spoken

out, more plainly than has been the practice in this case, his want of satisfaction on the most interesting question—the Christian character of the illustrious deceased.—*The Might and Majesty of Death*. Two Sermons, suggested by the Death of the Duke of Wellington. By the Rev J. A. Emberton, D.D., Principal of Hanwell College, Middlesex. London: Longman and Co. The first of these Sermons is on the ‘public career’ of David; the second, on the remarkable manner in which the late illustrious chief ‘was raised up in the hour of our country’s need, to deliver it, like David, from the hand of the modern Goliath. At the close, ‘the Duke’ is imagined to address his sovereign, the great men of the country, the soldiers, and the people at large, in words of loyal, patriotic, and religious counsel, which it were well for all of us to lay to heart. *Wellington: His Character and Actions*. A sermon preached at Trinity Chapel, High Wycombe, Sunday, November 21st, 1852. By John Hayden. London: Jackson and Walford. Mr. Hayden considers the ‘greatness’ of the late Duke—as a commander—as an ambassador—as a statesman—and as a patriot—and, in ‘shutting up this subject,’ teaches the horrors of war; the vanity of all human greatness; ‘the fading glories of the hero; and the unfading glories of the Christian.’ We have placed these several discourses together, because they relate to one event, and to one man, as exceptions to our general rule of not giving critical notices of single sermons, for which we cannot find space in ordinary circumstances.

Three Sermons about the Sabbath. By William Brock, of Bloomsbury Chapel, London. London: Cooke and Whitley; Nisbet and Co.

THESE three sermons are characterized by the simplicity, earnestness, and energy of the devoted pastor at Bloomsbury Chapel, and we trust they will accomplish his purpose in assisting ‘a well-beloved congregation to attain the truth on this subject.’ While urging the perpetuity of the Sabbath, and exhorting to the Christian occupations which belong to it, Mr. Brock is not unmindful of his principles as a Nonconformist, as will appear by the following passage:—‘With enforcing its observance the civil power has no business whatever, any more than it has with encouraging its non-observance. Should the Government, which represents a community, interfere either to compel the people to obey the divine law, or to facilitate their violation of that law, valour for the truth requires from Christians in the community their protest against both the forms of interference. Inasmuch as Christ is Lord of the Sabbath day, his disciples are bound to disclaim all sympathy with all governmental sanction of the desecration of the day. Their citizenship identifying them with the Government, they have a right to give utterance to their opinions whenever, in respect to either case, it doeth wrong. And there is responsibility as well as regret. Are their opponents Englishmen? So are they. Are the Anti-Sabbatarians constituent members of the commonwealth? So are

they. Are those who would open our national museums and our national galleries conscientious in their appeal to public opinion? So are those of us who would keep all national exhibitions shut. We may be in a minority, and, therefore, without the slightest manifestation of resentment, we must submit. If our country, through its constituted authorities, will give no heed to our protests, we are innocent of any evil that may be done. We have delivered our souls. As citizens we can do no more. But let us do as much as this about the Sabbath day; requiring from the magistrate that, beyond the ordinary every-day exercise of his power, he let the day alone.'

We confess that the law of the Sabbath, beyond its appropriation to Christian worship, does not appear to us to have been transferred from the Hebrews to other nations, or from the seventh day to the first, by our Lord and his apostles; and, therefore, we consider that it is competent to the British parliament to make any law which does not interfere with the liberty of Christians to spend that day according to their views of religious duty. The weekly cessation from labour is a civil arrangement, sanctioned by the laws of the realm. Any relaxation of that law beyond the demands of imperative necessity, would be followed by evils which no patriot could contemplate without dismay. The religious celebration of the day is a matter for individual judgment and conscience.

The Protestant Dissenters' Illustrated Almanack for the year 1853;
with pictorial illustrations from designs by J. Gilbert, Esq., of
Important Events in the History of Nonconformity. London: Snow.
The Illustrated Exhibitor Almanack. 1853.
The Uncle Tom's Cabin Almanack; or Abolitionist Memento. 1853.
The Popular Educator Almanack for the Year 1853.
The Temperance Almanack for the Year 1853; with eight engravings.
London: John Cassell.

WE are indebted to Mr. Cassell for these almanacks, the contents of which are in harmony with their respective titles. He is a diligent caterer for the public, and, from the continuance of his labors, we infer that they are not unappreciated. The *Almanack* appears to be one of the recognised modes in which opinions are now sought to be diffused. It is not a repository of information simply, but has another and ulterior purpose, being designed, in many cases, to correct prevalent errors, or to arouse to more vigorous exertion in some department of benevolence or of Christian effort. The almanacks now before us supply the information usually contained in such publications; and, in addition, they set forth the results of extended inquiry in the departments to which they respectively belong. Illustrations are freely employed, and, though not of the highest order, they assist the imagination in realizing the facts detailed. Altogether, such publications merit support. They answer a good purpose, and may be warmly commended to those interested in the subjects to which they relate.

Revelations of Siberia. By a Banished Lady. Edited by Colonel Lach Szyrma, author of 'Letters on Poland,' &c. In two volumes. 12mo. London: Colburn and Co.

Most readers will be disappointed with these volumes. The title awakens expectations which are not fulfilled, and the disappointment thus occasioned may induce some to throw by the work as valueless. This, however, is to be deprecated, as it really contains much to interest and inform the public, though not in the way, or of the kind, which the title-page intimates. We should have been glad to know more of the authoress than is supplied. All that the editor tells us is, that she is 'a lady by birth and position,' a wife and a mother, and bears the name of Eve Felinska. Having incurred the suspicion of the Russian government, she was first sent to a Russian nunnery at Kiov, and afterwards banished to Siberia. Her work was originally published in Polish, under a rigorous censorship, and must not, therefore, be expected to contain anything derogatory to the government or policy of the czar. It is consequently wholly wanting in that sort of information for which the title prompts us to look. Not a particle of light is thrown on the terrible system by which an inhospitable region is converted into a vast prison-house. Supposing that the narrative sets before us the whole life of a political exile, we should be led to the conclusion that the Russian government has been greatly libelled. But we know too much from other sources to entertain any such notion, and therefore receive these volumes as only a partial and *selected* exhibition of Siberian life: Madame Felinska resided for two years at Berezov, a town in the furthest north of this inclement region, at the expiration of which term she was removed to another penal settlement. Nothing escaped her observation, and her intercourse with the inhabitants was sufficiently extensive and unrestrained to give her many opportunities of noticing their habits and decorations. She describes their manner of living, their hunting and fishing expeditions, and their amusements at home; their religious rites, festivals, popular traditions, and prejudices; their articles of export and import; their trade, and the mode of carrying it on by barter; the animals of the forest, and the birds of the air; the scanty vegetables of the soil, and its minerals; the temperature, and the phenomena of the sky; in a manner at once pleasant and instructive. Such is, in fact, the character of the information communicated in these volumes, and those who have pleasure in such quiet and unexciting details may secure ample gratification by their perusal.

The History of the Pontificate of Pius IX.: including a Narrative of the Political Movements in Italy during the last five years. By G. B. Nicolini, of Rome. Edinburgh: James Nichol. London: Nisbet and Co.

A VERY valuable and deeply-interesting contribution to recent history, which we strongly recommend to the immediate perusal of our readers.

The author, Signor Nicolini, was personally conversant with the events described, and he writes with a warm and impassioned eloquence befitting his theme. His style is clear, nervous, and manly, and his sketches of character are at once graphic and truthful. There is an air of sincerity and fair-dealing throughout his little volume, which commands implicit confidence. Deeply sympathizing with the wrongs of his countrymen, he does ample justice to the qualities which gave so delusive a promise to the early pontificate of Pius IX. We have always thought that the overthrow of the Roman Republic was the great crime and blunder of modern days, and the perusal of this volume has deepened our conviction. Never was a popular movement conducted in a more exemplary manner; never were popular leaders more free from the arts of the mere demagogue, or the stains incident to civil strife. In future times, the name of Mazzini will be associated with the noble few who have consecrated the highest powers to the service of their country, with a heroism which nothing could daunt, and a patriotism of the most immaculate and high-minded order. In her first struggle Italy has failed, but her character has been nobly redeemed. She has proved herself worthy of freedom. May the day of her redemption speedily arrive.

The Treasure-Seeker's Daughter; a tale of the Days of James I. By Hannah Lawrance. London: Albert Cockshaw.

THIS volume belongs to 'The Library for the Times,' and will prove a worthy companion of its predecessors. The 'Anti-State-Church-Association' has done wisely in availing itself of the lighter and more attractive form of fiction in order to convey its principles to the popular mind. A larger audience is thus obtained, and many avenues to the human heart are opened up which otherwise are closed against the views advocated by the society. The design of the volume on our table 'is to place before the reader a picture of the general characteristics of society in the reign of James I., and of that strife of opinion which eventually resulted in the great civil war.' This is pursued with much skill; the manners and habits of the times are sketched with accuracy; intimate knowledge is evinced of London in 'the olden time,' and a sound and healthy judgment on the ecclesiastical contests of the day, is recorded. We shall not attempt to unravel the plot, as this might possibly detain some readers from the work itself. It is sufficient to remark that at very little cost a touching picture of social life, and of religious persecution in England during the reign of the first of the Stuarts, may be obtained in 'The Treasure-Seeker's Daughter,' and we cordially commend it to our friends. It would have been well, and might, we think, have contributed to the usefulness of the volume, if the bearing of some of the incidents of the tale had been more distinctly pointed out. We submit the suggestion to Miss Lawrance in case of a second edition, and, in the meantime, give her small volume the full benefit of a hearty recommendation.

We are no advocates of the grave didactic novel, but there is a way of *working in* the principles contended for, without impairing the interest, or violating the rules, of fiction.

Canadian Crusoes : a Tale of the Rice Lake Plains. By Catharine Parr Traill. Edited by Agnes Strickland. Illustrated by Harvey. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.

MRS. TRAILL is sister to the authoress of 'The Queens of England,' and is already advantageously known by a work published some years since under the title of 'The Backwoods of Canada.' The present volume is well adapted to its objects, full of useful information, and deeply interesting. Few of our readers, probably, are aware that scarcely a summer passes without some of the Canadian colonists losing children in the vast forests about them. The tale before us is founded on an incident of this kind. Three children, Hector and his sister Catherine, with their cousin Louis, are thus severed from their friends, and for an extended period subsist on the natural products of the region. The history of their wanderings, with their privations and sufferings, is given with much simplicity. It involves, indeed, some improbabilities, but these are lost sight of in the interest of the narrative, and the pleasure of the information conveyed. Mrs. Traill 'has striven to interest children, or rather young people approaching the age of adolescence, in the natural history of this country (Canada), simply by showing them how it is possible for children to make the best of it when thrown into a state of destitution as forlorn as the wanderers on the 'Rice Lake Plains.' 'The Canadian Crusoes' cannot fail to interest young readers, to whose confidence and good will we cordially recommend it.

Cyclopædia Bibliographica : A Library Manual of Theological and General Literature, and Guide for Authors, Preachers, Students, and Literary Men. Parts II. and III. London: James Darling.

WE noticed the first *part* of this work in our Journal for September, and are glad to report that the favorable opinion then expressed is fully borne out by the two *parts* now before us. The information communicated is much fuller and more complete than is supplied by any previous work, and the principles on which it is arranged, by facilitating reference, greatly subserves the purposes for which such a work is prepared. It is a well-arranged *catalogue raisonnée*, the skilful execution of which does much honor to the compiler, and will meet the convenience of very many students. In our former notice we expressed a hope that no party bias would be permitted to infect the work; and it is but simple justice to say that nothing of the kind has yet occurred to us. From the circumstances of the case it follows, that the lists furnished of the publications of living dissenters are incomplete. We are not surprised at this; and as the work is *avowedly* 'founded chiefly on the books contained in the 'Metropolitan

Library' of Mr. Darling, we have no right to complain of it. It is matter, however, for regret that such a work—so admirably conceived and so ably executed—should not be made as complete as possible. We throw out the suggestion in the full assurance that it will have the best attention of the publisher, to whom we feel much indebted for a work which has long been needed, but which none other was sufficiently enterprising to supply. We may specify, as instances of the incompleteness referred to, the cases of the Rev. Messrs. John Birt and Thomas Binney.

Visit to the Holy Land, Egypt, and Italy. By Madame Ida Pfeiffer. Translated from the German by H. W. Dulcken. With eight tinted engravings. London: Ingram, Cooke, and Co.

THE reader of Madame Pfeiffer's former volumes will be glad to accompany her in another journey. The curiosity which prompted the perusal of her first work has given place to intelligent interest and esteem. Her many good qualities are now known, and thousands are, in consequence, desirous of making her further acquaintance, who were at first attracted by the singularity of her position simply. The journey described in the present volume was commenced in March, 1842, and extended to the close of that year. There is no pretension in the work. 'It is a simple narrative,' says the authoress, 'in which I have described every circumstance as it occurred; a collection of notes which I wrote down for private reference, without dreaming that they would ever find their way into the great world.' Madame Pfeiffer's residence in the places visited was too brief to allow of any thorough investigation of the character and institutions of their people; yet her 'simple and unadorned relation of facts, the candor, combined with good sense, which appears throughout, might put to shame the bombastic striving after originality of many a modern author.' The volume will be read with much interest by a large class.

The Eclipse of Faith; or, a Visit to a Religious Sceptic. Second Edition. London: Longman and Co.

WE are not surprised to find a second edition of this work on our table. It is eminently worthy of the favorable reception secured, and will long retain the honorable position it has acquired. Whoever the anonymous author may be, he has rendered an invaluable service to religious truth by the discussions of this volume. Our estimate of their value was freely expressed on the first appearance of the work; and it is only needful, therefore, now to say, that a few verbal corrections have been made, and a single foot-note has been added in this edition. These are, we believe, the only alterations. The number might possibly have been increased with advantage; but on this point judgments will differ, and where so much has been so excellently done, we are disposed greatly to defer to an author's own opinion.

The Power of the Soul over the Body, considered in relation to Health and Morals. By George Moore, M.D. Fifth Edition.

The Use of the Body in relation to the Mind. By George Moore, M.D. Third Edition.

Man and his Motive. By George Moore, M.D. Third Edition. London: Longman and Co.

WE congratulate Dr. Moore on his success as an author, and are glad to find that there is a disposition in the public to patronize such works. It happens too frequently that what is of great and permanent value fails to rivet attention, and is made to give place to the trifling fancies which please for an hour, and are then forgotten. In the present case, we have an exception, and we rejoice in it. Dr. Moore merits the favor he has obtained. His works are sterling contributions to sound philosophy, and their influence cannot fail to be useful both in mental and moral science. The very neat and uniform editions now before us, are issued at a greatly reduced price, and will therefore command a largely extended circulation.

Anecdotes of the Habits and Instincts of Birds, Reptiles, and Fishes. By Mrs. R. Lee. With Illustrations, by Harrison Weir. London: Grant and Griffiths.

Twelve Stories of the Sayings and Doings of Animals. By Mrs. R. Lee. With four illustrations, by J. W. Archer. London: Grant and Griffiths.

THE former of these volumes will be a great favorite with the young. It displays extensive reading and sound judgment, and may be placed, with entire confidence, in the hands of juvenile readers. There are few works which more happily combine the instructive and the pleasing, and as such we cordially recommend it.

The latter volume is not so much to our mind. Indeed, we shall be surprised if it finds favor with many readers. It is fanciful and dull, deficient both in reality and sprightliness. The improbabilities which mark the 'Twelve Stories' are not compensated for by graphic skill or useful information. In the first volume Mrs. Lee is at home, and does well; in the second, she is out of her element, and her failure is egregious.

The Portrait Gallery, with Biographies, November, 1852. Part XII. *The Pictorial Family Bible, with copious Original Notes.* By J. Kitto, D.D. Part XXXVI. London: W. S. Orr and Co.

WE are glad to report the steady progress of these reprints, which are issued at a much lower price than former impressions. The 'Portrait Gallery' contains highly-finished and beautiful engravings of Barrow, Dryden, Locke, Sir Christopher Wren, Vauban, Newton, and Penn; and 'The Pictorial Family Bible' is concluded in the present part, which contains an extensive index to the notes, that materially contributes to the value of this edition. The circulation of such works is eminently adapted to refine the taste, and enlarge the biblical knowledge of a people.

An Analysis and Summary of New-Testament History. With copious Notes, Historical, Geographical, and Antiquarian. By the Author of 'An Analysis, &c., of Old-Testament History.' Cambridge: J. T. Wheeler. London: Bagster and Sons.

THIS able 'Analysis and Summary' reflects the highest credit on the typographical skill, the critical acumen, and the extensive biblical learning of the author, who is also the publisher. If the theological comments were omitted, it would worthily become the most popular and really useful book of the kind for educational purposes. As it is, we regard it as a most valuable handbook, whether to ministers or private students of the Scriptures, and fully realizing the object,—'to store the mind of the student gradually, and from the very commencement of the volume, with every species of illustration and elucidation necessary for a complete understanding of the narrative, and which, if not sufficient to enable him to master every difficulty, will at least prepare him for more recondite study.'

The Marvels of Science, and their Testimony to Holy Writ. By W. S. Fullom. London: Colburn and Co. 1852.

WE are greatly pleased with this volume, in which the reader will find a *readable* compendium of modern science, expressed in elegant and flowing language, and refuting the theories, as unphilosophical as they are undevout, 'which would make nature, in all its endless aspects, the offspring of spontaneous generation, and distort its very harmony into an element of confusion.' We are glad to learn that a second edition has been called for.

Le Censeur; or, a Correction of the Principal Errors made by the English in speaking French. Arranged Alphabetically. By Mlle. E. D. G. London: P. Rolandi. 12mo, pp. 74. 1852.

THIS little book may be recommended to all learners of French, and even more warmly to all teachers of that language. It has the merit of great accuracy in a matter which most of us are careless in doing. No error is so common as transferring to one language what belongs to another. 'Le Censeur' shows by numerous examples how frequently this is done, and how it may be corrected. The work has given occasion to a singular crotchet on the part of a contemporary, who, after praising it, objects to its best feature, and supports his unsound objection by an absolute fiction. 'We do not like the Spartan way of teaching,' says he, 'namely, by *making* helots drunk.' But 'Le Censeur' does not do so. The author's experience in teaching having enabled her to collect many mistakes common to learners of French, she records them. She does not *make* the blunders; but, finding them ready made, she affords the best possible corrective by drawing attention to what is wrong, and at the same time placing what is right before the eye. Contrast is a usual and successful way of instruction, moral and intellectual, as could be shown by a hundred examples, from the sluggard's garden of Dr. Watts, to Hamlet's exhibition of

two portraits, his Hyperion and the Satyr. Our world-wide rambling 'Punch' lives upon contrasts pushed to due lengths. Even the rigorous logicians adopt this system in the *argumentum ex absurdo*, which is commended to our contemporary as a test of the inconvenience of its rule, not to depart from an opinion once hastily formed. When 'Le Censeur' is become, as it will become at no distant day, the text-book of every teacher of French and the helper of half the learners of French throughout the country, it will be discovered that the principle on which it is planned is as ingenious as the execution of the work is exact and its taste good.

Review of the Month.

THE DIVISION ON MR. VILLIERS'S RESOLUTION WAS REPORTED IN OUR LAST NUMBER.—The ministerial journals referred to the adoption of Lord Palmerston's amendment as proof of the stability of the administration, and in strange forgetfulness of its import, spoke of their majority as a defeat of free traders, and the earnest of a long lease of power to Lord Derby. Their triumph, however, was only apparent;—their humiliation was disgraceful and permanent. The *amendment* involved all, so far as the *future* was concerned, for which commercial economists contended. It merely refrained from expressing an opinion on the *past*, and thus left the door open for the consideration of questions which ought at once, and for ever, to have been concluded. The scene subsequently enacted in the House of Lords affords another, but not needful, illustration of the tortuous and dishonest policy of Lord Derby's cabinet. It might have been supposed, after the declaration of the Premier, and the adoption of Lord Palmerston's amendment, that no objection would have been taken by Lord Derby to that amendment in the Upper House. Such, however, was not the case. Their lordships were less tractable than the Commons, and the original vice of the Premier's position led him, therefore, to deprecate a vote upon it. Living on evasion, depending day by day on the chapter of accidents, the leader of a party whose principles he had renounced, and whose hopes he had encouraged only to disappoint and betray them, he shrunk from a discussion which might elicit opinions he sought to conceal, and disclose the hollowness of that support on which he was accustomed boastfully to rely. His lordship's fear and dishonesty were shown in reply to Lord Clanricarde, who gave notice, on the 30th of November, of his intention to move resolutions similar to those adopted by the Commons. Anything more pitiful or evasive than the course pursued by the Premier we can scarcely imagine. He had renounced protection, at least in words. His colleagues in the Lower House had gone still further, and had bound themselves by a substantive vote to the maintenance of free trade; and yet when a liberal peer gave notice of his intention to propose that very vote in

the Upper House, the Premier, of all men, was the one to oppose its introduction, and to suggest a vague and hazy form of words, the only possible design of which was to secure the appearance without the reality of agreement.

We do not wonder at the surprise expressed by Lord Clanricarde. Had nothing else occurred to awaken suspicion this may well have done it; and to a high-minded and honorable man, the necessity of stooping to such a course, would have sufficed to reveal the falseness of the position occupied. 'He did not think,' said Lord Clanricarde, 'that any hesitation would have been shown by the noble lord to adopt the words which he certainly thought were frankly, and freely, and voluntarily adopted by his colleagues in another place.' A compromise was ultimately agreed on. The Lords were intractable, the Premier was intent on avoiding discussion, and the least possible concession was, therefore, made. The resolution was finally reduced to a form as innocuous and worthless as can well be imagined, and places in no very dignified position, either the patriotism or the legislative functions of the Upper House. On the motion of the Earl of Harrowby it was adopted in the following terms:—'That this House adheres to the commercial system recently established, and would view with regret any renewed attempt to disturb its operation, or impede its future course.'

On a review of the course pursued by the government in the two houses, we see the same general characteristics as have marked its policy from the moment of its accession to office. 'It assumes,' says the 'Times,' 'one face in the Commons, and another in the Lords. *There*, it is the free-and-easy, rollicking free trader, ready to fall into almost any words that may be proposed; *here*, it is still the stiff and reserved old protectionist, ever ready to plot against the opinions, the liberty, and the food of the people. This is all things to all men with a vengeance—one thing in the Lords, another in the Commons; one thing in parliament, another at the market-table or the hustings; one thing yesterday, another to-day, and something else to-morrow. But this is not the way to acquire that hold on the respect of the people which is the true and only basis of power; and the time will assuredly come when Lord Derby will find that it would have been better to be candid and consistent, even at the expense of a little trouble and annoyance.'

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, IN A FIVE-HOURS SPEECH, submitted his budget to the house on the 3rd instant, and it soon became evident that this was to be the battle-ground on which the fate of the ministry would be decided. The expectations of many, both in and out of parliament, were large. So much had been said about the grand scheme that was to be propounded; the something which 'loomed in the distance' had been so heralded by flourish of trumpet; mercenary scribes and partizan orators had referred to it in such magniloquent terms, that even cool-headed men who had no faith in financial legerdemain, began to think whether some marvellous project might not possibly be devised which would constitute an epoch in economical legislation, and save the ministry from ignominious defeat.

The scheme is now divulged. The financial statement has been made. What was matter of conjecture is matter of history. The priest has come forth from his mystic shrine, and his utterances are recorded for the enlightenment of the nation. Of the ability displayed we need say little. Mr. Disraeli's reputation will not suffer by it. We need not depreciate his genius, however strongly we oppose many parts of his scheme. His example certainly tends to refute a too prevalent notion that men of genius are necessarily unfitted for practical life. It is time that this delusion should be discarded, and in future we shall appeal against it to the case of the author of 'Coningsby.' But the scheme of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is open to grave objections, and is especially unhappy in the circumstances under which it is proposed.

We shall not attempt a minute description. It is sufficient to report that it proposes relief to the shipping interest to the extent of about £100,000; that it concedes to the sugar colonies the privilege of refining in bond; that it remits to the agriculturists half the duty on malt and hops, and reduces the duty on tea from 2s. 2½d. per pound to 1s. 10d., and subsequently to 1s., by annual reductions of 2d. per pound. Such are the remissions proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

On the other hand, the property and income tax are to be continued; a distinction is drawn between what are termed incomes from property, and industrial incomes; the former are still to pay 7d. in the pound, but the latter only 5½d. The area of both, however, is enlarged. The point of exemption hitherto has been £150, but it is now proposed that, in the case of precarious incomes, the exemption shall be limited to £100, and in the case of realized incomes to £50. The tax is also extended to Ireland, but in a manner which awakens both surprise and suspicion. Real estates are exempted, but funded property and salaries are subjected to it. In the last place, it is proposed to double the house tax, which is at present 9d. in the pound on private houses, and 6d. on shops, and the class of exemptions is to be greatly limited by extending the tax to a £10 rental instead of £20, as heretofore.

Such are the main features of Mr. Disraeli's budget, and it is scarcely necessary to say that some of them have our cordial approval. The distinction drawn between realized property and income is a sound one; the relief granted to the shipping interest is only faulty from its not going far enough; and the extension of direct taxation in lieu of the imposts recently abolished, is a step in the right direction which subsequent statesmen will find it necessary to follow. So far Mr. Disraeli is entitled to our thanks. But there are three features in his budget to which special exemption may be taken. We refer to the reduction of the malt and hop duties, doubling the house tax, and to the limit assigned to the income tax in Ireland. In the case of the first, it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that it is intended as a compensation to the agricultural interest, while the revenue to be derived from the second may be drawn much more equitably from an extension of the probate and legacy duties to *real* property, and the third awakens the inquiry why the landed proprietors of Ireland should

be exempted from an impost, to which the funds and salaries are to contribute. It would be easy to enlarge on each of these topics, and we had intended to do so, but the rapid march of events renders it needless. Whilst we are writing, the budget has been rejected, and it is therefore a work of supererogation to discuss its details.

The debate of the 6th clearly indicated the course of events. 'All the chiefs of opposition,' as the 'Times' remarks, 'rose to the assault, and by a species of instinctive co-operation commenced to close on their prey. Peelite and whig chiefs, chancellors of the exchequer past and expectant, rose in succession, and sternly intimated that now their hour was come, and they were resolved to try conclusions, once for all, with the politician who had hitherto eluded their direct attacks in so marvellous a manner.'

The Chancellor of the Exchequer endeavored, with much adroitness, to divide the force of his opponents. He saw the storm that was gathering, and sought to disperse it. The budget was first to be taken as a whole,—a vote against one part of it would be held to be decisive against all. Then the general principle only was involved in the vote to be given, and it was subsequently to be determined whether the house tax should be increased or not. Mr. Disraeli, on the 16th, 'begged it to be distinctly understood by those who voted on the same side as himself, that he should consider, after the representations he had made, that they were perfectly free, as far as the government was concerned, on a subsequent occasion, to oppose the duplication of the tax.'

The House, however, was clearly averse to the scheme. It was intent on rejecting the whole, and that, as we believe, not simply on its merits, but as evidence of its want of confidence in the ministry. We do not wonder at this. A feeling of mistrust had from the first existed, and it was greatly promoted by the recent policy of the government. A clear majority against the cabinet was returned by the elections, and now that an opportunity occurred of uniting the several sections of the opposition, it was not unnaturally seized. Mr. Disraeli surpassed himself on the 16th, in replying to his various opponents; and we are assured by those who were present, that the excitement in the House surpassed anything that has been seen for many years. After four nights' debate, a division took place, and the government was left in a minority of nineteen, the numbers being 286 for, and 305 against it. There were only four ministerialists absent from the division; whilst of the opposition there were eighteen. Thirty-two members had paired, and seven seats were vacant. Of the majority, the whigs and radicals are said to constitute 222, the Peelites 31, and the Irish members 52. We do not pledge ourselves to the absolute correctness of these numbers, which, however, represent with probable correctness the proportion of the three parties.

After Mr. Disraeli's speech of the 20th, it would be ungenerous to refer to the sarcastic, bitter, and insolent tone of his reply. 'If,' said he, 'in maintaining a too unequal struggle, any word has escaped my lips (and that, I hope, was never except in the way of retort), which has hurt the feelings of any gentleman in

the House, I deeply regret it, and I hope that the impression on their part will be as transient as the sense of provocation was on my own.' Lord John Russell, Sir James Graham, and Sir Charles Wood, promptly accepted the *amende honorable*, and we shall be glad to find no similar examples of scornful audacity in the future records of parliament. It would afford us pleasure to report that the Premier's announcement of resignation in the Lords was distinguished by the same good feeling. We cannot, however, do so. Anything more petulant and undignified has never been exhibited within the walls of parliament. His speech displayed the irritation of a proud but little mind, and must destroy the last vestige of respect for his lordship. However skilful a debater, or vaunting as a party chief, the Earl of Derby is manifestly deficient in those moral qualities which give elevation to statesmanship, and secure admiration and confidence. Mr. Disraeli, with all his faults, may reappear on the political stage; but Lord Derby, comet-like, has shot across the heavens only to be lost sight of and forgotten. Men must be dupes indeed who rally henceforth to his banner, and sad must be the condition of that party which makes him its chief.

The Queen accepted the resignation of her ministers, and immediately sent for Lords Lansdowne and Aberdeen,—the latter of whom has been entrusted with the formation of an administration. The position of these two noblemen sufficiently indicates the complexion of the new government. They were, doubtless, chosen as representatives of the whig and Peelite parties, and the project entertained is that of uniting the two. Whether this is practicable, time will show. We have our misgivings as to the permanence of such a coalition; but it is due to the new ministry that we refrain from pronouncing a hasty judgment. When its measures are before the country, we shall be in a better condition to say whether it merits public confidence. In his address to his constituents, Lord John says, 'By joining the administration of Lord Aberdeen, I believe that I shall best promote the cause to which my political life has been devoted—that of rational and enlightened progress. It is to progress that all our efforts will be directed.' We will not prejudge the case by expressing any doubt on this point. If, however, his lordship's confidence is well founded, a great and unsuspected change must have passed on Lord Aberdeen and his associates. For the present, we content ourselves with the subjoined list. Ample opportunities for comment will occur. The following personages constitute the Cabinet.

First Lord of the Treasury	The Earl of Aberdeen.
Lord Chancellor	Lord Cranworth.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Mr. Gladstone.
Secretaries of State	{ Home	Lord Palmerston.
	{ Foreign	Lord John Russell.
	{ Colonial	The Duke of Newcastle.
First Lord of the Admiralty	Sir James Graham.
President of the Council	Earl Granville.
Lord Privy Seal	The Duke of Argyll.
Secretary at War	Mr. Sidney Herbert.
President of the Board of Control	Sir C. Wood.
First Commissioner of Public Works	Sir W. Molesworth.
The Marquis of Lansdowne.				

In addition to the above the following appointments, we are informed, have been made:—

President of the Board of Trade	Mr. Cardwell.
President of the Poor Law Board	Right Hon. M. T. Baines.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster	Right Hon. E. Strutt.
Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland	Lord St. Germans.
Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant	Sir J. Young.
Lord Chancellor of Ireland	The Right Hon. M. Brady.
Attorney-General for Ireland	Mr. Brewster.
Lord of the Admiralty	Hon. W. F. Cowper.
Attorney-General	Sir A. Cockburn.
Solicitor-General	Sir W. P. Wood.
Judge-Advocate-General... ..	Mr. C. P. Villiers.
Lord of the Treasury	Mr. Sadler.
Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies	Mr. F. Peel.
Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs	Lord Wodehouse.
Secretary of the Treasury	Right Hon. G. Hayter.
Joint-Secretaries to the Board of Control	{ R. Lowe, Esq. A. H. Layard, Esq.
Vice-Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household	Lord E. Bruce.
Treasurer of Her Majesty's Household	The Earl of Mulgrave.

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED TO INVESTIGATE THE DERBY BRIBERY CASE call for special report. Our readers will remember the facts of the case, and how seriously they implicated Major Beresford, Lord Derby's Secretary at War. When first reported, the Major assumed the air of an innocent man, assailed by an unscrupulous conspiracy; and promised his constituents, immediately on the meeting of parliament, to vindicate himself, and to cover his assailants with disgrace. Well, parliament has met; the accusers of Major Beresford have called for inquiry; a committee has been appointed; witnesses have been examined; counsel has been heard on his behalf, as well as on that of the petitioners; and on the 16th, the committee reported that, 'the evidence taken had satisfied them that a plan had been formed for an organized system of bribery at Derby;' that Major Beresford *was* the writer of the letter found in the possession of Thomas Magan, who was apprehended at Derby, 'while engaged in carrying out the aforesaid plan for an organized system of bribery;' and that, though there was not sufficient evidence to satisfy them that Major Beresford was cognizant of, and concurred in, the arrangements and objects of the scheme, yet 'they are of opinion that the equivocal expressions contained in his letter ought, at least, to have suggested to him the idea, that an improper use might be, and which in fact has been, made of that letter, and they find in it a reckless indifference to, and disregard of, consequences, which they cannot too highly censure.'

It is needless to comment on so atrocious a case. No sane man will doubt the conclusion which should be formed. The committee itself, we are persuaded, had no misgiving on this point. The personal implication of Major Beresford might not have been in evidence; but the letter itself precludes all question, and the criminal and his friends felt that there was no appeal. Immediately, therefore, that the report was presented, the major resigned his appointment. We shall be anxious to note whether his party position is impaired. What has

recently occurred at the Carlton Club precludes much doubt respecting this. So defective is political morality, that bribery, like stealing at Sparta, is no crime save when detected.

THE RELIGIOUS PUBLIC HAS LATELY BEEN DEEPLY INTERESTED in the proposal of a charter being granted to the directors of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. This proposal has given rise to much discussion, which has elicited the views of various parties. The point of contact between the proposal and the religious public has been the avowed intention of opening the Palace on Sunday. Many foolish things, and no little impiety, have been uttered in defence of the project. Indeed, the language advanced has been more offensive even than the thing itself; and when taken as a commentary on the proposition, has confirmed the worst judgments of religious men. We can scarcely credit our senses when listening to, or reading some of the things, which have been uttered. The Sunday newspaper press has, of course, advocated the measure, and no terms have been sufficiently contemptuous to designate its opponents. This is all perfectly natural. We understand it, and estimate it at its worth. We should smile were we not grieved at the impiety which lurks under the epithets of saints, precisians, and hypocrites, with which we have been so liberally assailed. But we are more surprised at the conduct of some men who have advocated the opening of the *Crystal Palace* on the ground of public morals and intelligence. Had we to choose between the Crystal Palace and the gin-shop or the tea-garden, we should have no hesitation in declaring for the former;—at the same time that we should even then decline to be a party to its Sunday arrangements. It would be a less evil that people frequented the former than the latter. But *evil* it would still be, in our judgment, and we should therefore protest against being in any way committed to it. But this is not the question before us. Let the Crystal Palace be opened to-morrow, and no permanent reduction will be made in the numbers frequenting the gin-shop, or the so-called tea-gardens. We agree in this matter with 'A London Clergyman,' who, in a letter inserted in the 'Times,' remarks,—'It is nothing better than cant to pretend that coalwhippers and lightermen are likely to be drawn away from public-houses and skittle-grounds by the superior attractions of the air and edifying scenery of the Sydenham Park. It reminds one of the statement of a great sanitary reformer, that people get drunk in London because the water is so bad.'

The argument is much like that which has been advanced on behalf of the *theatre*, as a school of morality, and would soon, we doubt not, receive as complete a refutation, in the character of the neighbourhood created. When told of the desirableness of refining public taste and of correcting public morals; of the elevating influence of science; of the devotion engendered by a contemplation of the works of God; we at once reply: 'These things we admit; but what then?' We know a better way of accomplishing such ends; one which experience has proved efficient, and to which we still venture to cling, notwithstanding the sneers and the scorn with which we may be met.'

So far our course is clear. But now comes a point on which reli-

gious men themselves are divided. Is it, or is it not, right to ask the Queen to refuse the charter solicited by the Directors of the Crystal Palace, unless the latter admit a clause prohibiting their opening on the Lord's day. On the question of principle here we have never entertained a doubt. Our only hesitancy respected a matter of fact. About this we could not satisfy ourselves before the appearance of our last number. We have now, however, done so, and know no reason why our judgment should not be explicitly stated. Some of our contemporaries maintained that the charter solicited on behalf of the Crystal Palace Company conferred nothing more than a right to sue and be sued in the name of its secretary; while others as confidently affirmed that it involved much more than this, and would give a national sanction to a desecration of the Sunday. On the showing of the former, there was no ground for memorializing the Queen, at least none which dissenters could consistently take. The arrangements of the Company might be matter for regret; they might be pregnant with evil, and might call for special efforts on the part of religious men; but it would be impossible to justify any application to the Sovereign praying her to refuse a civil privilege unless concessions were made to the religious views of a portion of her subjects. To maintain the affirmative on this point is, in our judgment, to surrender the position which religious voluntaries hold. If, however, more than this were asked for; if the Sunday arrangements of the Company were set forth in the charter; and especially if that charter enabled it to do on the Sunday what otherwise it would be illegal to do; then we have not, and we never had, any doubt of the propriety of memorializing the Queen. We are no advocates of that one-sided theory which objects to a legislative enforcement of the Sunday, but would sanction a legislative profanation of it. Do away by all moral means, and at the earliest possible moment, with all legislation respecting religious matters; but, in the meantime, let not an exception be made in favour of Sabbath desecration. We, therefore, concur in the resolution moved by Mr. James at the autumnal meeting of the *Congregational Union*, and had we been present, should certainly have supported the amendment of Mr. Edward Baines, praying the Queen 'to withhold her royal sanction from that part of the charter which provides for the opening of the Crystal Palace on the Lord's day.' In such a prayer there is clearly, to our minds, no violation whatever of religious liberty, in the largest sense of that phrase; while it is manifestly enforced by the obligations of Christian rectitude and the terrible evils which follow in the wake of Sunday desecration.

There was much said at the meeting of the London clergy, at Sion College, on the 28th of October, to which we could not subscribe, but we fully concur in the closing remarks of Mr. Goode, on the supposition that no law existed to prevent the opening of the new palace. 'The Joint-Stock Company,' said that gentleman, 'who are proprietors of the Crystal Palace might say: 'Very well; if you object to our having a charter of incorporation, we will open the premises on a Sunday nevertheless; therefore, you will have done no good.' If the

company chose to open the building and grounds on a Sunday without a charter, that would be an affair of their own—the nation would not be responsible.’ Of the two views to which we have referred, the latter is found to be the correct one. The charter *did* contain, what was set forth, and the law officers of the Crown have given it as their opinion, that an act of George III., prohibits the opening of the Crystal Palace on Sunday. Neither the premier, nor the directors were aware of the existence of such an act; but the fact is unquestionable, and a charter we are told, has, in consequence, ‘been given with a clause providing that no such opening shall take place, unless the legislature shall think fit to sanction it.’ So the matter at present rests, and we have no apprehension of parliament repealing the act in question. The directors intend to move for such repeal, but the voice of the constituency, though not the hearts probably of our representatives, will prevent their success. To laugh at the Sabbatarian bills of a Sir Andrew Agnew is one thing; to repeal a law for the sake of promoting Sunday recreation is another. Let dissenters, in the coming struggle—for such there will be—see to it that their ground is consistently taken, and their principles clearly enunciated.

THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF ROCHESTER have, at length, brought their proceedings in relation to Mr. Whiston to a most appropriate conclusion. They have crowned the malversation of years by an exhibition which would draw down contempt on any corporation, however moderate its pretensions to purity and virtue. Under stress of public opinion, and fear of consequences, the Bishop of Rochester, in October last, altered the sentence of removal from his office, pronounced by the Dean and Chapter, to one of suspension, which terminates on the 1st of January, 1853. In announcing this mitigation of sentence, the bishop says:—‘The Visitor having observed that the charges unjustly made against the Dean and Chapter in the before-mentioned pamphlet, have been repeated in several subsequent editions, published since the first commencement of these proceedings, thinks it right earnestly to caution the appellant against the repetition of those charges in any subsequent publication, as the appellant will not have the same excuse of his having been misled as to the legal rights of the Dean and Chapter, which has been the main reason why the Visitor has been induced to mitigate the sentence of removal.’

Having thus secured, as they supposed, the long-wished-for silence of Mr. Whiston, the Dean and Chapter proceeded a few days ago to address to their diocesan a letter, which for cool, smooth-faced audacity, is rarely equalled. They first take credit to themselves for their implicit obedience to the decision of their right reverend Visitor—a submission, the merit of which would be greater, if they were not compelled by law to yield it, without any alternative. They next allude to a reference in the bishop’s letter to ‘some statutes of the cathedral, which had not been carried into strict execution (!), though such disuse may have been sanctioned by practice prevailing during a long series of years,’ &c. Hereupon an unusual perturbation appears to have spread through the cells of the simple eremites of Rochester;

and with all the simplicity of persecuted virtue, they 'earnestly request to be informed what the statutes are to which this passage refers.' If the reader shares their curiosity, he may gratify it by turning to our article on Deans and Chapters, in the number for June, 1852. Chance appears to have guided their conjectures in the right direction. 'Your lordship may possibly refer to an *irregularity* which existed some time since in the payments to the grammar boys.' It is certainly just possible that the bishop's thoughts may have taken this particular bias, inasmuch as the fact appears to be, that while the cathedral funds were manifestly left for proportionate distribution, and no surplus whatever was contemplated for division, the salaries of the clergy have been multiplied to an enormous amount, while the payment to the scholars, equally included under the statute, remains at the same amount at which it stood centuries ago; and the provision for their maintenance has been altogether disregarded.

With similar effrontery, the Dean and Chapter of Rochester represent, that they have been drawn by Mr. Whiston into those courts of law and equity, to the jurisdiction of which this disgraceful case has been successively transferred. The fact obviously being that Mr. Whiston was dragged by them into each of these courts, in order to preserve that position and those emoluments of which they unjustly sought to deprive him. We are no friends of ecclesiastical patronage. In our view it is as wrong in its principle as it is, we fear, for the most part, corrupt in its distribution. But we have no hesitation in saying, that if any man has a rightful claim, for the good that he has done, and the ill that he has suffered, on a pure, high-minded, and reforming administration, Mr. Whiston is that man. If we could relax for a moment our unconquerable repugnance to the state patronage of the clergy, we should certainly do it in his favour. For the credit even of a nominal Christianity, we could wish that the history of this dispute should be obliterated from our public annals.

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